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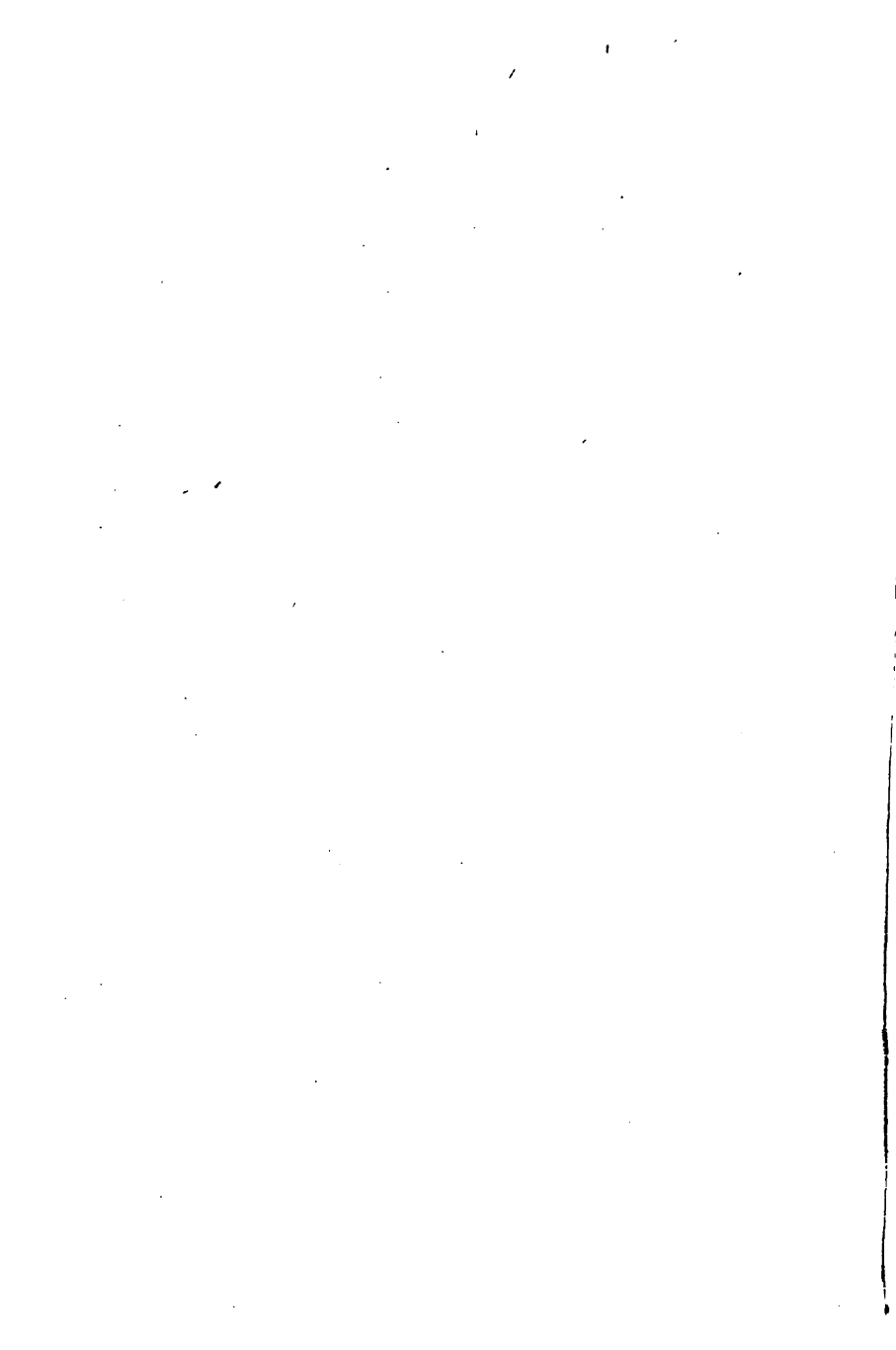
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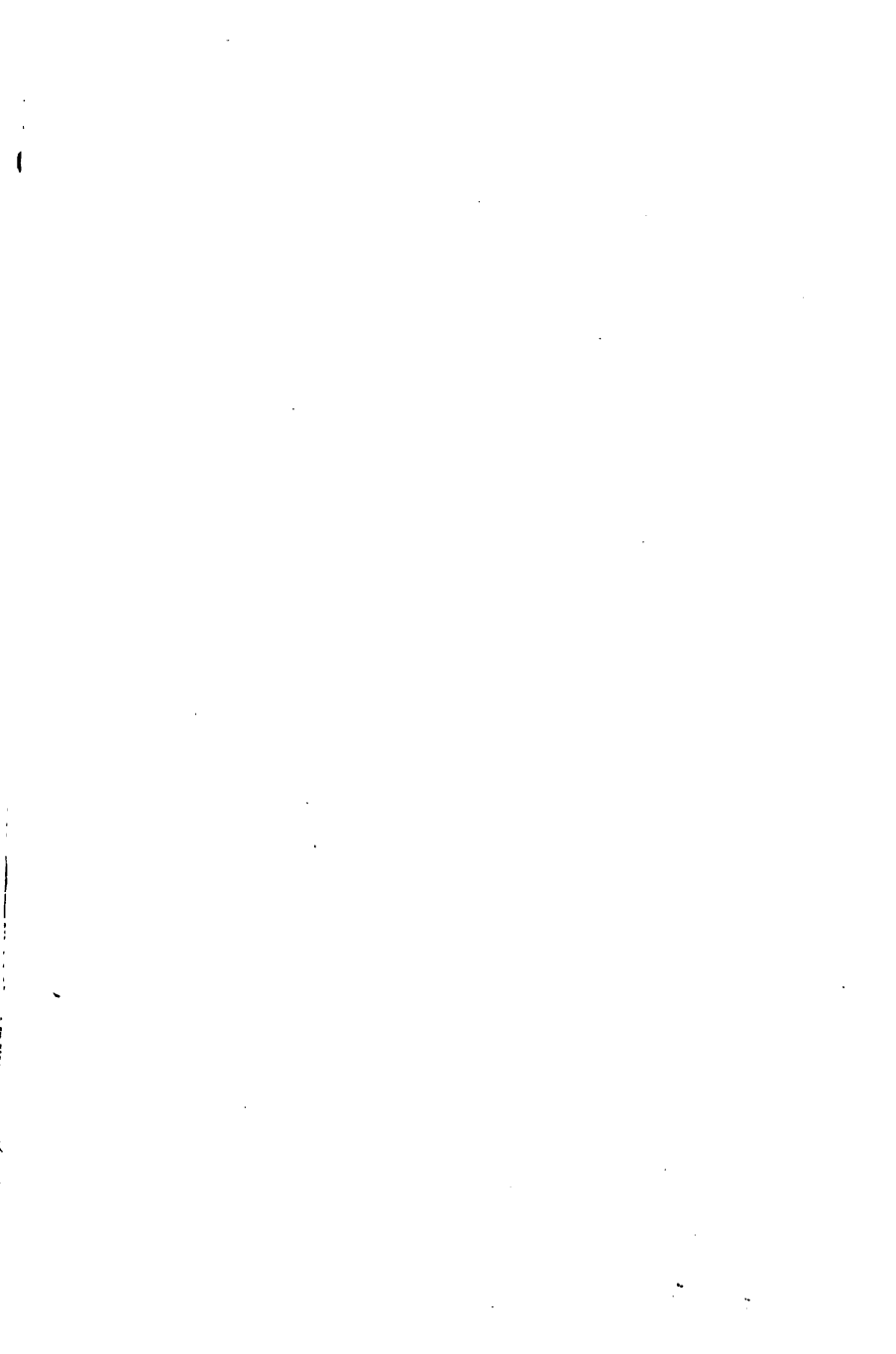
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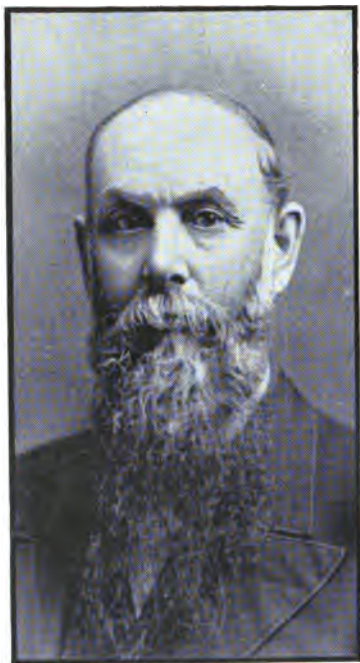


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1895



Ever yours
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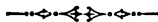
SONES OF
HISTORY
AND HOME



BY

Albert Libby

WAS singing a low sad dirge,
For the world that around me lay
With its waves of sorrow, surge on surge
Breaking by night and day:
When a Presence by mine ear
Broke the sadness of my song,
Saying, "Sing again a tune of Cheer
For a world that shall know no wrong."



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1891

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By
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TO VIRAL
ALBERT LIBBY

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DEDICATION

: o :

To the loving remembrance of my dear ones gone, who wait with me, reunion beyond the resurrection—To my wife and only son, with whom my home is made pleasant—To my sisters and brothers, once all together in the old hill-side house, but now divided—To my brethren in the divine ministry of Him who is our present, and eternal Saviour—To the many dear ones to whom I myself have ministered in the word—To all the children who have, and would let me put my arms about them, as if they were my own ; yea, to all into whose hands this book may go, I dedicate these songs of many years.

J. ALBERT LIBBY,

West Poland,

Maine.

1891.



HISTORY AND HOPE.



'ER history's sea with Hope we stay our souls
As anchored ships are held the waves between,
Waiting for brighter days that may be seen
While present peril all about them rolls ;
The heavens are black, and Death hides in the clouds
With threatening wing to drop upon them all—
Their crews have passed to calms with tattered shrouds,
And trust disaster may not soon befall.

Here o'er this waste of earth's eventful years
Our fathers, and ourselves have hither come ;
Battled by storms, and driven from reaching home,
Though we have looked that way so oft through tears ;
The past returns to present strife meanwhile,
With long lost pleasures of our sunny days
When faces touched each other through a smile,
And hearts were thrilled with love in dear old ways.

TO MYRLE ALPHOTILAO

8

POEMS

Play-grounds grow green again in memory's view—
Paths flash to sight, well worn by flying feet,
And playmates come we cannot really meet—
With rocks, and brooks, and trees that once we knew.
Our little days of time, we own how strange—
How strange the different years we reckon o'er ;
Some dark as night, with slow, or sudden change
When shadows crossed the threshold of the door.

Faces that hang in frames, our rooms around,
Or old, or young bring pain and gladness too ;
How thin the shapes past light hath left in view
Of those we loved who went beneath the ground ;
The wrinkled pictures bear the history lines
Of toil, and care, our parents have gone through ;
We trace them over with reflective minds,
And say, your paths meandering we pursue.

So brows are smooth behind the mocking glass,
And eyes with youthful fire still all aglow—
What hopes, what loves, what joys were smitten low
We muse with long slow thoughts, alas, alas !
Into our lives their lives were woven strong,
The old and young, and while we live will stay—
Their words are in our ears, and on our tongue—
For love and memory hold them all the way.

So hath it been with others as with us
Since the first Two beheld a young, new world,
When sin apart from God His children hurled,
And marred creation's beauty with the curse.

The winds of Eden have borne far the wail
Of man's mistake, and sorrow for the same,
While added cries have loaded every gale
For ruin wrought on what was not to blame.

Poor Earth ! Age-struck and saddened,
Six thousand years away
From that bright morn which gladdened
With joy thy natal day ;
I now for thee remember,
How quickly thy December—
Because of evil maddened,—
Blighted thy blooms of May.

Alas ! beneath thy bowers,
Unkept by echoing glade,
Red-life despoiled thy flowers,
And grief her wailings made ;
Whereby thy breast was torn
For him the Two did mourn ;
Bereavement brought her hours—
And they, alas ! have stayed.

Ah ! since thy sad disaster,
What worrying ills have come !
Each striving to be master
In hurrying on thy doom.
All elements awaking
Above, and in their shaking
Increasing, seem the faster
To fit thee for thy tomb.

Thy heavens above ! what aileth ?
Ten thousand voices cry.
For fear each bosom faileth,
Why dash the seas so high ?
Plagues, wars, their desolation
Bestrew through every nation—
Wreck everything assaileth ;
We know the end is nigh.

Go to thy grave of burning,
Earth ! for a little while—
God, who hath heard thy groaning,
Hath for thy face a smile ;
Thy curse He melts away,
In this all-cleansing day—
Here end thy years of mourning,
And here shall end the vile.

Ay ! and thy last adorning,
In fairest robes, will stay—
Ay ! and thy second morning
Will rise to perfect day ;
Christ-Adam on the throne,
Shall *never* lose his own,
Thy sod to Death ne'er turning :
Joy hath eternal sway.

Could God in justice turn upon his work—
Could his great mercy leave to death alone—
Those put in trial's way, and not atone,
Since a foul tempter too, abroad did lurk,

Could love forget his children gone astray
And grant no token that his heart was warm?
Hark, voices many from the past cry nay!
And bows of hope bend after every storm.

Suffering from Heaven met suffering here below—
A sinless one came forth from God, and died;
And on the cross where he was crucified
He did forgiveness plead and pardon show.
Him, centuries before, the world had known—
Hope's brightening way, and Heaven's evolving plan
By type from Abel onward to atone,
Till Pilate cried for truth "Behold the Man."

Sweet echo of a voice from better lips,
His great Forerunner did the shout begin,
"Behold the Lamb of God" who takes the sin
Of earth away, yet who rejects him, dips
His hands in blood no water bath can clean;
This is man's part to own the sacrifice
And keep him ever, God and earth between—
So, pardon falleth on us from the skies.

But *after death*—after Christ's death as well,
A voice is heard which long had asked before—
Who shall roll back the stone that makes the door
To shut the dead of sea and earth in Hell?
Heaven never leaves good travellers half way home!
So, though from cross to tomb the Christ they bore—
Angels came near to watch his sleeping room,
Till he should live again to die no more.

I was reading just now of the morning
When the door of Christ's tomb stood so fast,
And I saw in the glint of the dawning
The forms of the soldiers go past—
While o'er the huge rock for an awning,
Thick vines their black shadows had cast.

I watched till the hill tops were lighted,
And the valley was filling with day ;
All at once the armed men were affrighted—
Fell, rose, and were hasting away ;
And I saw what with fear they had sighted
Was an angel in awful array ;

He stood midst a halo of splendor—
Through the shadows his countenance shone,
And with hands full of strength, yet so tender,
He whirled back the sepulchre stone—
His errand such service to render,
And he stood there no longer alone.

The mantle of darkness was sundered—
The sleep long prophetic was broke,
And nature smiled gladly, and wondered
With joy as the Jesus awoke ;
For the cold key of Death he had plundered,
And conquered the grave with a stroke.

Some women with grief covered faces
Were seeking the place of the dead ;
Now closer with slow moving paces

An angel their inquiry led—
Then spake as he showed Death's last traces—
"He is risen again as he said."

Time's bright beginnings float the far ages through
On history's page as Heaven to earth has told
Of the first days when orbs like minted gold
Were sent to shine in spaces clear and blue ;
When everything below—pure, fair, and young—
Gave smile for smile to sun, and moon, and stars ;
Aye ! then their brightness hymns of morning sung,
And angel shouts chimed with the music bars.

This *other morn*, when the black tomb was spoiled
Brought the occasion for a loftier strain—
As great relief brings joy after long pain,
And gain is reached for which a soul has toiled.
Suspense and silence—fear and flickering hope
Like cloudy sunshine over all had hung
So long, that few for better things looked up,
And oft on these were disappointments flung.

Time's lessons were mused over till they seemed
To aggregate too much for men to bear,
And eyes had searched to see if anywhere
Hope might take heart that things could be redeemed ;
Now is the garden found where grows the balm
To heal the ugliest wound that Death can make ;
And from this garden settles down a calm,
That coming storms of *Earth* nor *Hell* can shake.

He walketh here, who had his visage marred—
One bruised with awful usage, yet we see
He bears the pledges of great victory
Beyond the memories of a conflict hard ;
Behold the chain he swingeth from his arm !
His girdle holds the key he seized below ;
With *this* he will the gates of Hades storm—
With *that* at length will bind man's cruel foe.

Thus, treasures lost are kept in safety now,
Because his love, his hand, and purpose sure—
Will find them for us to again restore
Without the touch of Death on cheek or brow ;
He only waits till mercy's day is spent—
Till rebels bolder grow who him despise—
Then shall he tread the path o'er which he went
Along in glory the unfolding skies.

Come thou, O Christ, thine loyal urge their plea !
O'er falling Thrones of earth erect thy throne ;
Bring in as subjects of thy reign thine own,
So shall we share the joy with them and thee.
The Faith that owns that thou didst die, and rise ;
That thou didst pass to Heaven the very same,
Looks on thy promises with gladdening eyes,
And, in their sweet fulfilment holds a claim.

THE FISHERS.



FISHERMEN seven from Galilee .

Launch their boat on the twilight sea,
And into the deep they drop the net
Not forgetting the trade that let
Each of these fishers a living get
Out of the fruitful sea.

Seven disciples from Galilee
Sad of heart in their misery,
Think for awhile their grief to drown
Getting away from the lonesome town,
With the charming net they now let down
Into the joyful sea.

Simon Peter is here, the bold !
And Thomas Didymus calm and cold ;
Nathaniel of Cana in Galilee,
As also the sons of Zebedee,
With other names unknown to me
Because they are not told.

The evening hours pass away—
Back, and forth the hand-ropes sway,
Till faces meet in strange surprise
O'er an empty net as each night watch flies,
And morning breaks from the eastern skies
Over the sea to play.

All at once a stranger stands
Just away on the level sands,
Hailing the ship with a voice so sweet—
To ask if the net has caught them meat,
With nay for an answer his ears to greet,
Resting their weary hands.

“Throw it in on the other side,”
Sounds his voice o’er the shimmering tide !
Now, quickly flung to the chasm deep
Along the rail the thrilled ones sweep
The net, while the fishes dart and leap,
And within its meshes glide.

“That is the Lord !” said sweet-souled John,
Fixing his eyes the shore upon ;
When Peter, catching his fishing coat,
Left the net, and out of the boat
Threw himself like a bird to float,
To meet the deserted one.

Others came on a little ship,
Happy in heart, though dumb of lip ;
Dragging the fishes so gladly snared
To find the food by the Lord prepared,
And learn how much for his own he cared,
Though his tongue was a loving whip.

Then seven fishers up from the sea
Backward went to their Galilee ;
And we learn of these fishers again, but then
The new commission was, Catch me Men !
And they did, as we will, till our net again
Is dragged from the world’s great sea.

THE SAME JESUS.

JESUS CHRIST is just the same in heaven—
All my heart is glad for this ;
Though the holy angels throng him,
And their home hath naught but bliss—
Just the same amid their wonder,
And the happy strains of joy ;
While the memory-thoughts of ages
Ever must his soul employ.

Thoughts of childhood in Judea—
Early loves that with him played ;
Walks along the hills and valleys—
Pleasant places where he stayed ;
Faces fond, and voices thrilling—
Friends who leaned above his heart,
Whom he so well sought to comfort
When the day drew near to part.

Thoughts of sorrows, heart-deep sorrow
None had ever known before—
That, our burden—grief for all men,
On his shoulder he upbore ;
Ties were knit by years of anguish—
Blood-bought mortals nearer seem—
Helpless earth held fast his pity,
Given in wakeful hours, and dream.

Hath he now beyond the cloud-gates
 Turned his heart from time away?
 Is Gethsemane forgotten,
 And Mount Calvary's gloomy day?
 And the garden's lonely prison,
 Rock-encircled—made secure ;
 Doth he not so long remember
 How he burst the heavy door?

All the past, and all the future,
 As of old he knew—he knows ;
 And the grand results are measured
 To be born of all his woes ;—
 Glorious Christ ! On earth in heaven—
 Nought from thee thy plan can sever ;
 Earth's and man's almighty Savior,
 Yesterday, to-day, forever.



THE BURDEN LIFTER.

HERE shall I put my burden
 I have carried so long and far?
 While nobody seems to rest me,
 Though about me the many are ;

It lieth so hard within me
 My heart is crushed with the load ;
 I feel if I cannot loose it,
 I shall die along the road ;

But, a sweet-faced woman told me
If I would fall on my knees,
And call on the name of Jesus
That he would my heart release—

She said it was sin about me
That seemed so heavy and sad—
And I know that she told me truly,
For I had been awful bad ;

And she tells me of another
Who has come to me unseen,
'Tis he who convinced my conscience
What a sinner I have been,

And made me feel this burden—
But I will not keep it long,
For the friend who whispered to me
Says he has a shoulder strong :

And that he would go right with me
All my journey, and I might
Cast all my burdens on him,
And myself go free, and light ;

Now, I am going to do it,
As I know 'twould change my road—
And, here now, I fall before him—
Dear Lord Jesus take my load.

ALL OF HIM.

I COULD not say if I should pass the portal
That leaves behind my back the world's great night,
To gaze upon the other home immortal
Baptized with love and light ;
That I have come alone to these fair places—
That I have searched them out, and come alone ;
My wisdom—yea, and all my native graces—
Be dumb before his throne.

But, I would say my Savior's wisdom sought me,
And I would say, my Savior's love was mine ;
That by his lips divinely touched, he taught me
The path to life divine :
And, I would say if Death hath held me sleeping,
I could not lift my head from out the grave ;
Still, all the time I rested in the keeping
Of him who came to save.

VOICES OF LIFE.

*Read on the Eve. of Oct. 25, 1880, to a large circle of Friends,
met to celebrate the 84th, birthday of my father, REV.
JAMES LIBBY, of Poland, Me.*

THE years have voices not their own,
Filling the air from human lips ;
All varied in their words and tone,
From the wee child that lamb-like skips,
To him who treads life's farthest verge alone.
Listen, O friends, awhile, if you would hear
The echoes that come ringing on my ear,

Dropping in words, as we may briefly scan
The changeful stages in the life of man.
From babyhood till ten, I hear the wail
Of suffering infancy, and then the gale
Of merry laughter, and uproarous shout,
Sounding from school-yard all the streets about ;
The gleeful scream as in a hundred plays,
With tireless feet, the urchin threads his ways.
From ten, to twenty, faster bounds the blood,
And mirthfulness hath reached in tide a flood ;
'Tis talk, talk, talk, no matter where, or when,
Nor, will the laddie wait for older men.
Has anything occurred, just how he shows,
For he was there, eyes, ears, and mouth, and nose ;
The largest fish has been upon his hook,
And the most game his trusty rifle took ;
Bird-snares, and traps are much in vogue with him,
He knows where pigeons perch, and muskrats swim ;
The horse he drives must travel, or the whip
Tingles the tender flank below the hip.
School-days are happy for the stirring boy,
Since, out, or indoors, he will have his joy ;
Through all the study hours his eye and ear
Are ape-like set, to catch him something queer.
One eye he has for fun,—mischievous creature !—
The other sentinels the moving teacher :
And, blundering readers, calling colt a calf,
Are sure to hear all round the tittering laugh ;
And, letters on the slate, once in a while
With pleasure cross both ways, the middle aisle.

So, through a score of singular gyrations,
He learns, and gets through all his recitations.
Twenty is reached, and he begins to plan,
To have his coming future as a man ;
His gait has settled to a sprightly walk,
His wordy fun tones down to common talk ;
He speaks of cottages along the street,
Admires the style of this with grounds so neat,
Wishes he had some land, and wants a team,
Just so's to understand how it might seem,—
Is often missed from home on Sunday eve,
Now he can go, and come, not asking leave.
Time passes on, his thrift the means has sought,—
The land is bargained for, the team is bought,
And bolder grown, at twenty-five he'll ride
With blushing beauty seated at his side.
And, now the ground is broke, the cellar made,
Workmen are called, each with his different trade.
The cottage he for many months has planned,
Stands shining like a gem upon his land.
With eager hands he toils, and heart elate ;
For earth is rich with spoils, and hope is great ;
As he has prospered, and must prosper still,
His joyous heart now sings, with right good will.
Rejoice young man ! these are thy brightest days ;
I'll find thee, by and by, in different ways.
There are no sunnier joys in earthly store,
Than when one finds at first his own home's door,
And lights his dwelling to look into eyes
That answer back to his, with love's surprise.

How white the cloth she spreads, how choice the food—
How sweet the song she sings, in cheerful mood—
How rankly grow the plants her hands attend—
How bright the flowers that far their fragrance send !
Home has no shadow now—her smile the ray
That lights each room, through the long golden day.
But, years will fleet, and in a world like this
We may not hope for long continued bliss :
This one bright home we watch, to speak for all,
Where joys and griefs alternate rise and fall.
Children are born, and thrive—ah, what a joy !
The curly headed girl, the bright eyed boy :
Parents alone know what heart pleasures wake,
As to their arms their own sweet babes they take.
New voices ring around the hearth of home,
As one by one the beauteous darlings come.
The cradle hath a music all its own,
Although it runs in a low monotone.
The high chair at the table hath a guest
On which the eyes of all around it feast ;
The room is cluttered, and all things look loose ;
But “ baby did it,” and we must excuse.
O, beauteous bush ! the midst with roses crowned,
And buds of promise opening all around.
But, we have said that in a world like this,
We cannot hope for long continued bliss :
The spoiler comes, and, with unpitying tone,
Threatens to take one darling for his own.
“ What ! rob my household ; tear my sweet rose-tree ?
And bear a blushing bud away from me ? ”—

The mother cries : then takes her treasure up,
Bids fear begone, and calls for cheerful hope ;
Smoothes the fair forehead, smiles by turns, and grieves,
Binds up the feet and wrists with drawing leaves ;
Bathes the hot temples,—kissing oft the cheek,—
Chafes the round limbs, and calls for him to speak,
“ Say, mother’s jewel ! is you better now ?
Take this for mamma,—make old sickness go ! ”
Darkens the room, hushes all playful feet,
And by the crib fixes her watching seat ;
Whispers to father, as he creeps along,
“ I think we’ll save him ; see ! his pulse is strong.”
O, troubled household ! grief has come at last,—
The days without a cloud are in the past ;
The nights of unmolested rest are fled,—
Now stands unsought the anxious parents’ bed :
And yet they tire not, for love forgets
To eat or sleep, if watching suffering pets :
And so the days go by, and night’s slow hours,
As if the foe to strong resistance cowers ;
Till, all at once, while hope contends with doubt,
He from the darkness blows the sweet life out.
I need not try to picture with my pen
The agony of the bereft ones then ;
The talk of mother, o’er the white dead face,—
The sighs of father, with each faltering pace ;
Nor yet the sobs of childhood’s heaving breath,—
Till now but strangers to the stranger, Death.
The grave door swings, and shuts, and oh, what joy
Goes into darkness with that buried boy !—

And earth to them, so long without a blot,
Seems sadly marred by this one burying spot.
Sometimes they tell the mourner, that, no doubt
A little while will wear these troubles out ;
But he who writes these lines for you will say,
The wounds may heal, but yet the scars will stay :
And they who fondly o'er their dead do weep
Will not forget forever where they sleep.
Well, but few parents say at forty-five,
"We have no graves—the flock is all alive."
The KING OF TERRORS, since the world's great fall
Hath fought the race to make us mourners all ;
But "sorrow not as those who have no hope"
The preacher said,—and this becomes a prop.
So, months go by, and the old smile appears,
And crowding cares beguile th' advancing years ;
The marriage-bells resound, and voices sweet
Allure away from home the children's feet ;
And other sadder farewell words are said,
As earth's green curtain swings o'er others' dead :
Till wrinkled womanhood, and failing man
Are left alone, as they alone began.
And yet, how different life's pathway seems—
At first their future shone with golden dreams,
That each new year would better things unfold
Than they had shared in the receding old ;
But now life's rounded hill-top lies behind,
The ears grow heavy, and the eyes get blind ;
The feet that strongly struck the sunny crest,
Now feebly falter near the vale of rest.


Come in the evening, find them all alone ;
And, hidden, listen to their voices' tone.
Hear them go back to memory's earliest days,
And talk along through time's eventful ways.
Now smiles enrich their faces ; then, anon,
We watch a moment, and the smiles are gone.
A change comes in life's story,—bend thee nigh ;
See ! tears are glistening in each withered eye ;
They speak of faces fair, and voices gay
That from the family fold were snatched away ;
Of dear old neighbors that once left the door,
Saying " Good evening,"—to return no more.
And, then to hear them sing,—it soundeth well,—
The hymn " When strangers stand and hear me tell."
Or, changing, strike again so clear, and high,
The tune—" Spare us, O Lord, aloud we cry ;"
And so we creep away, saying, at last,
" Dear aged ones ! they live along the past."
Yes, they do live recounting what has been ;
But, faith hath eyes to scan a future scene,
And hope will follow faith with eager wings,
To knit love's tendrils to celestial things.
And, so they wait upon the mortal side
Of death's cold river, with its murky tide ;
Knowing their Joshua will lift His rod
To break a pathway through the swelling flood.
And, what if one be left alone to stand
Trembling with age, and white-haired on the sand ?
Take heart at this,—the pilgrimage once o'er
What joys await us on the other shore !

What verdant trees shall grow on all the hills !
What sparkling waters flow in all the rills !
What gladsome shouts on Zion's mount shall ring
To David's greater Son, and Israel's King !
What tides of health in every vein shall flow ;
For every cheek and eye will be aglow !
What stores of plenty !—see the fruitage shine
On low depending limb, and climbing vine !
What raptuous songs ! no earthly choir hath known
The art to reach, and touch the lowest tone !
What bonds of friendship ! never there a jar
The union of the saintly ones may mar !
What more than glad surprises there to find
Many on life's rough march we left behind !
O, resurrection faces ! how they shine,
Filled with the lustre of a life divine !
Yet through the glow, the old-time smile appears,
Linking the eternal now with earthly years.
What perfect rest beyond time's tiresome road !
What sweet release from every wearying load !
What boundless riches !—every saint supplied ;
What depths of joy, with every tear-drop dried !
What wondrous wealth of wisdom !—all shall know
And fear the Lord, the shining heavens below !
What length of golden days there !—o'er and o'er
The ransomed sing, in throngs, "to die no more !"
What restful peace where no discordant sound
Disturbs through all the enchanted world around !
What love where heart with kindred heart shall blend,
With every soul we meet a constant friend !

What golden walks, what ever-fragrant flowers !
 What happy talks in Eden's shady bowers !
 What streets of gold, what gates, what strengthful walls !
 What matchless towers arise, what spacious halls !
 What skies,—all storm-clouds swept away ;
 As fair they shine as at creation's day !
 What hosts of angels passing to, and fro ;
 In easy gliding speed, behold them go !
 And all the saints, their equals, move at pleasure,
 Having no wearying distance now to measure.
 Glory to God ! through his all-conquering Son
 Death dies at last, and Sin's dark reign is done !
 With so much for us, why parade the charms
 Of this poor state, with all its rude alarms ?
 Let us make haste, since we so far have come ;
 That morn shines on us from the hills of home.

CONTENTMENT IS HAPPINESS.

SUGGESTED BY AN EASTERN FABLE.


NCE on a time a simple quarry-man
 Worked much, gained little, and was ill content :
 He wished he might be rich, and live at ease ;
 Enraptured in silken sheets his time he spent.

And so it chanced his wish was granted him,
 And all encouched in softest silk he lay,
 Till lo ! an emperor, with a grand escort,
 On prancing steed, o'er shielded passed that way.

What good is riches, since I've no escort,
 In van or rear, to guard my dangerous way ;
 And none to break, with golden parasol,
 From off my head the sun's descending ray ?

"Why am I not an Emperor?" And he was :
 His body-guard dashed up before, behind,
 They held above his royal head the shield,
 And filled each wish of his aspiring mind.

But all around the ardent beams shot down ;
 The road grew dusty, and the quivering light,
 Reflected from the floor of burning sands,
 Mocked, and bewildered, and fatigued his sight.

"O, but if one could only be the sun,
 To dash exhausting heat and light afar !
 There is a power I envy." Have your choice,
 If not content with being what you are.

And now a sun afar, to right and left
 He flung his fiery beams in reckless mirth,
 To blind the eyes of princes with his light,
 Or scorch the growing herbage of the earth.

But soon a pitying cloud flying between
 Most haughtily threw cooling shadows down.
 "My power is broken," cried the wrathful sun,
 "I would I were the cloud o'er all to frown."

Again came transformation very strange ;
 He was a cloud and threw his shadows wide.
 Moreover showers fell fast o'er all the land,
 And rivers rolled a devastating tide.

One only thing the cloud looked down upon—
A grand old rock beside the river stood :
In vain the bellowing waters beat its sides—
It moveless sat and laughed at storm and flood.

“Superior thing,” then quoth the angry cloud,
“I would I might become that mighty rock,”
The change was wrought ; and soon grown proud,
He feared nor stroke of sun nor torrent’s shock ;


But sadly saw, anon, one standing near—
Though roughly clad yet with determined face—
His hands were loaded with the hardest steel,
To break and hew at will his firm set base.

“What !” cried the rock, “O angel of my change,
To rend me mighty doth this figure plan ?”
The same, the angel said. So cried the rock,
“Then it were better I should be that man.”

Have you your will, again the angel spake,
O, ne’er at ease through many a changing scene ;
Be thou the man the unconquered rock to break ;
And he became what he at first had been,

A poor stone-cutter—simple quarry-man—
His work was hard, and but a little brought ;
Yet he had learned, through unsuccessful change,
At last to be contented with his lot.

"WE'RE ALL AT HAME."

 READ of a Scotchman, old and blind—
A fifer once in a Highland-band ;

Who crossed the ocean his son to find,
And a home he hoped with his bairn so kind,
Somewhere away in the Western land.

His son had died, and the poor old man
A refuge found in the friendly-inn ;
But memory hied to his native clan,
And his "mither's hame" in the Highland glen,
And the players with whom he once had been.

He would sit and talk through the livelong day
Of scenes unknown to the others near—
How he longed to throw his line in the Tay ;
And would name his kindred so far away
Till the stoutest heart would break to a tear.

He talked of his regiment one night
As the shadows gathered o'er him deep,
Of their going hame, and his face did light,
To name the tunes of their joyous flight
As he roused him from his sleep—

"The Campbells are comin'," and old "Roy's Wife ;"
He seemed the band to hear, and see,
And as if far off, and without his fife—
He sadly sighed with a choking strife
"And they'll all be there but me."

"How long will he last?" a young man said—
 "He will hardly stay till the midnight hour,"
The doctor spake.—Then the young man led
A band of players so near to his bed,
 That the old man heard their power—

"What's that! what's that?" he quickly cried;
 "'The Campbells are Comin'—Hark! be still;"
And he lifted himself to lean on his side
Till they struck a strain that had satisfied;
 Then how did his old heart thrill—


He leaped to the floor with his arms raised high,
 As the music clearer, and louder came—
And with very joy in his soul did die
As he said, in the arms of the watchers nigh.
 "We're all at hame! We're all at hame!"

There are hills and vales we have longed to see—
 And old time faces remembered still;
We mention the names that used to be—
Till the eyes grow moist with the melody
 Of voices mingled the heart to thrill.

Oh, when the troops from the far-off sky,
 For the sweet home-gathering down shall come—
And our death-dull ears hear the music nigh,
And wake to the joy, may we soon reply,
 "We're all at home; we're all at home."

THE OLD DOOR-SILL.

Dedicated to Frank A. Walker, of Wisconsin, in remembrance of his old home where we used to play.

LWAYS under foot remaining,
Yet with not a word complaining,
What a story it might tell—
What through all its years unfolding
Changeful scenes, ever beholding,
Mirthful moods, and sorrow's spell !

How gay hearts have bounded o'er it,
And light feet have tripped before it,
When as yet the home was new !
Then dull care found not the dwelling,
And no burden worth the telling
Lay upon the happy two.

Didst thou hear the merry laughter
Fill the house from floor to rafter,
When on creeping hands and knees ;
Little rogue edged closely to thee,
And with wonder first did view thee
With so much outside to please ?

But with baby joy soon over,
Thou didst see the watching mother
Snatch the pet from danger's brink.
Smothering half his screams with kisses,
And for outdoor joy he misses
Quickly of some toy doth think.

Not all pleasure was thy portion,
For how many had the notion
 With their rough and snowy feet,
To come down on thee with power,
And through years how many an hour
 Thy poor form was sorely beat !
Yes, and hard thy fare for shelter,
Storm, or mild, or furious pelter,
 Found thee always in the way ;
And what must have failed to cheer thee,
Was to have a door so near thee,
 And be forced without to stay.
Thou art worn with time and friction.
Hast thou stories of affliction ?
 Surely, long has been thy day
"Yes ; the feet that travelled o'er me"
Many a year, uneven wore me ;
 But at length they passed away.
"Tears fell on me as we parted
From a mourner, heavy-hearted,
 Close behind the casket home ;
One by one the inmates scattered,
Till the house grew old and shattered.
 Then they left it like a tomb.
"Ruin played his pranks above me,
And his mighty hand did shove me
 From my place, and here I fell,
Desolate, till you came to me,
And with pity seemed to view me,
 Helping me my story tell."

PATHS.

WE cannot take our paths away ;
They linger when our feet are gone ;
Bordered with green, yet trodden gray,
With here and there a smoothe-worn stone,
I know the ways of little feet,
And those of others, older grown ;
And oft, as o'er these paths I beat,
I muse with wordless thoughts alone.

I follow now a presence swift ;
A tire is fluttering in the wind—
Or gentler breezes softly lift
Her curls—and I am just behind ;
I hear the frolic in the laugh,
And then the shouting words of glee,
As, running half and halting half,
The player cries, " You can't catch me ! "

Sometimes I meet in memory's way
The stretching hand, the glance of eyes ;
My lips seem parting, as to say
Some words of welcome and surprise ;
Or, on my ear there sweetly fall
The words of old-time tenderness ;
My arms are thrilled to hear the call,
And rise all ready to caress.

Ah ! how they mock me—these old ways !
And yet, I would not lose their thread ;
These hallowed paths of other days
Lead from my heart out to my dead.
Sleep on ! I tread where you have trod ;
Your goal may soon arrest my feet ;
Till, breaking from the tangled sod,
In everlasting joy we meet.

THE BEAUTIFUL HAND.

THREE fair ones walked by a silvery stream,
'Midst the beauties of meadow-land ;
And the fickle question arose, it would seem,
Which owned the most beautiful hand.

One dipt hers deep in the flowing brook,
That, bathed in the waters so clear,
Its form and its flesh so pure might look,
As the loveliest far to appear.

One plucked the strawberry—choicest fruit,
Till her finger tips were pink ;
And held the stems from the broken root,
As sure of the prize, to think.

The other gathered the violets sweet,
Till the fragrance, and color, too,
Filled her hand with a grace complete—
And hers was the choice, she knew.

A beggar-woman was passing by,
Seeking her gifts of all—
But the three did the homely dame deny,
Who asked for a favor small.

A damsel near, with her unwashed hands,
And empty of flowers and fruit,—
Answered the pitiful one's demands
With a pittance for her suit.

Then the old dame asked, "Why thus contend?"
And their beautiful hands they raised ;
And told her she the dispute might end,
Each hoping to be praised.

"They are beautiful all, indeed," she spake ;
But they pressed her still to tell
Which of the hands the praise must take
As in beauty to excel.


"Not the hand of the brook so clean,
Nor the one so tipped with red—
Nor the fingers that violets lie between,
Is the beautiful hand," she said,—

"But the hand that giveth to the poor
Is the fairest of them all ;"
Then an angel's face they stood before,
And her staff away did fall.

OLD BROTHER STEADFAST.

The Church at Icy-Glen, was for a long time in a deplorable condition; and the trouble was just this:—A few headstrong, worldly minded members were bound to control the whole arrangement; and the minister himself was somewhat under their influence, though he had groanings of heart over the way things went, and could but laugh inside for joy, and outside, too, a little, when with the true ones of his flock, as the following poem appeared in the local paper:

CAUSE AND CURE.

HAT'S the matter with our church?
We are all confounded—
Things have taken such a lurch,
Every saint is wounded.

If we had some prophet near,
To tell us how to manage,
Who could see the future clear,
We might repair the damage.

Ah ! this is the sore lament
Of many a congregation,
And I will be that seer sent
To give the explanation.

Such churches need no prophet's eye
Their future course pursuing—
The past he only need descry,
To find the cause of ruin.

The future will provide the cure
 In such a joyous ending,
 If now the evils they endure
 They set about the mending.

Let Judas go who holds the purse,
 And covets all that's in it ;
 He is a traitor and a curse
 I would not trust a minute.

And Diotrophes long has thought
 Himself above all others—
 His place, with brass and money sought,
 He leads among the brothers.

And Demas if he goes to church,
 Is out against the preacher,
 And there are those who place their perch
 Around the worldly creature.

And Mrs. Toss-Her-Head is there,
 Who wears the gayest bonnet ;
 Is she a member—I declare
 All eyes are fixed upon it.

And money goes with lavish hands
 To ape the latest fashion—
 Flowers and ribbons, puffs and bands,
 Engross the worldly passion.

O church of Christ ! break from your foes,
 Fall on your knees confessing ;
 If Judas to the halter goes,
 Christ will command his blessing.

Cry out till worldly ones depart,
Or else repenting, praying,
Unite with brokenness of heart,
The Lord's commands obeying.

Have from your alters daily rise,
In holy consecration,
The incense of sweet sacrifice—
Your bodies the oblation.

So will the Spirit then abide
Within the temple holy,
And Christ will own in love his bride,
Walking with him so lowly.

Why, what a stir this poem made! the Judas of the church didn't hang himself, but he hung up his Sunday hat at home: one of the church-killers sold out and went away, and a good revival after a little while boiled off much of the scum.

Just by the foot of the hill at the end of Icy-Glen, a neat little cottage stood on a small farm. The owner of which not liking the turn things took, offered to sell out to a stranger passing that way, who stayed to bait his team. The bargain was closed, and in a few weeks the home had changed families. Now said the new comer, as the old tenant was about to depart, I must have a deed of your church pew, "for I al'ays go to meetin' storm or shine," and my good pastor has come to call me "Old brother Steadfast;" but I don't care for that—I *am rooted and grounded* in the Christian faith; "An' I wouldn't giv' two cents for this airth only to stay on, and sleep in, till we come to the better land."

So it was soon noised all about the neighborhood, that an Old Mr. Steadfast had bought the farm over the brook. And he began from his new home to go to meeting as he had always done from his old. So a few weeks after his arrival his minister approached him thus:—

Well, I am glad to find you, Brother S.,
Filling your place in church this stormy day.

You are indeed "Old Steadfast," I confess,
 And put to shame the younger just away.
 It's two good miles at least that you have come,
 With all the way on foot this wind to press,
 And more than twenty live this side your home
 That nothing would bring out but some distress—
 Sunday I mean—week-days 'tis different though—
 They go and come on business—here and there,
 With no let up for either wind or snow,
 And women do not wait to have it fair.

I know it, Pastor. You hav' said it right—
 A meetin' an' the world are diff'rent things;
 Them little pocket gods are kept in sight
 By pullin' jest apart the pussess' strings.
 An' there be other such-like-gods astray;
 An' lots o' members in our church, I think,
 Don't mind a ride out on a stormy day
 If they can bag 'em with their other chink.
 Jest let th' people know aroun' this town
 Each 'on 'em could hav' ten dimes by comin' here,
 You'd larn the gods they worship are all down,
 And sarved in stormy days as well as clear.
 You call me "Steadfast." Wall, I've had this rule
 I larned long, long ago from God's good word—
 It reads, "be steadfast, and not movable,
 For not in vain's your servance in the Lord."

Now this "Old Brother Steadfast" was none of your lazy, Christians I'll assure you; he would down on his knees, and pray till every corner of the house was searched with his persuasive words. Nor did he wait to be asked "if he hadn't a few thoughts to express for the Master." He would up and

at it, his full soul like a pent up spring of water, pouring out its streams of salvation; for *he was saved* from the top of his bare head to the soles of his feet; and if he did speak his words the shortest way nobody cared, as he had enough of them, and his thoughts were splendid.

The pastor grew more and more hopeful in every meeting, and began to look upon "Brother Steadfast" as a Godsend, and so expressed—

If I had twenty like you, Brother S.,
 In every social meeting that we hold,
 Our gospel work would be a grand success
 In this old town, with unbelief so bold.
 I am so glad you moved among our folks !
 My hopes have been increasing since you came ;
 I notice that you neither drive nor coax,
 But kindle hearts with all your words aflame.
 Yea, my discouraged soul I freely own
 Has felt the throbbings of your earnest heart ;
 Your tears are watering seed I long have sown,
 And my dry eyes have felt the moisture start.

Well, well, my Pastor, "deem me not unkind,"
 Pardon the use of this larned phrase I've heard—
 If I give you a bit of my old mind,
 An' preach in privat' what my soul has stir'd.
 You tell o' twenty—bless ye ! three good sticks
 Aglow with coals 'll start up quite a fire,
 An' once a burnin' other wood we mix
 To mak' it flam' an' grow higher an' higher.
 I al'ays act on heaven's principle
 When I get into meetin' with a few ;
 An' sence I com' here, I still use this rule,
 An' hav' been reck'ning Sister Brown an' you.

But I confess the fire seemed nighly gone,
 An' I was humsick for a time at fust,
 Until I found you two with me hitched on,
 Then my old heart almost with gladness bust.
 "Where two or three," you know the Savior said,
 Get in tergether, meetin' in his name—
 "There I am in the midst"—I heard it read ;
 That's what, my pastor, kindles up the flame.
 Now do not wait, dear man, for Squire B.
 To get his place in his soft cushioned pew ;
 Or Uncle Joe, so rich—but come with me
 Thro' rain, or shine, an' I will be with you :
 An' we can al'ays reckon Sister Brown,
 An' al'ays reckon on the Lord ; you know
 We three with him can fire up this town,
 Settin' the dead-wood of your church aglow.

The timely advice is taken, and a series of meetings planned, during which when held, Icy-Glen gets thoroughly thawed out, and for a few weeks men little cared whether the Spring's wood was cut, or not; and the sisters put off making soap, for they said, we can afford to wait, we are gettingsuch an effectual cleaning up spiritually.

Converts were many, and everybody loved Old Brother Steadfast; but love with flattering words had no effect to injure the dear "old soul." The minister also, rejoicing said:

Thank God, my brother, that you came to town,
 And came to our church when we were dead ;
 You, in your homely talk, melted us down
 With but the simple words you always said.
 Thank God ! I will for your plain words to me,
 For your advice just what we ought to do ;
 Our church is all revived, we gladly see,
 And converts are among us not a few.

Now I want you, when I this flock baptize,
 To bring them to the altar every one ;
 I know 'twill fill with gladness your old eyes
 To see them take this other step right on.

“ Dear pastor, in this sarvice your intendin’
 You’ll have to me excuse from out’n your plan ;
 The reason why, if it won’t be offendin’—
 In short, I’ll try to hav’ you understan’.
 I b’lieve in goin’ clean down under water,
 As Jesus sot th’ example when with John.
 What crowds onto th’ river bank did lo’ter,
 To see the dove light down his head upon.
 To bury folks is jest a clear reflection
 Of what was preached by Jesus and Saint Paul,
 An’ shows by act th’ blessed resurrection ;
 Else why, Paul asks, are folks baptized at all.
 You know Paul writ th’ Romans they were planted.
 Who ever sprinkles corn to make it grow ?
 If you’ll baptize as Paul an’ Jesus wanted,
 I’ll bring th’ convarts to ye in a row.
 An’ if you’ll take two weeks for careful study,
 Then own things as they used to ’arly be,
 You’ll be immarsed yerself. Then, ‘ Everybody,’
 You’ll say, ‘ come down an’ be baptized like me.’ ”

Now comes the tug¹ of war with the young minister, not that the converts were to be divided, for his was the only church at Icy-Glen; but he was a sprinkler—yet, honestly so, since he had not studied to know the most perfect way: and the old brother had piled so many New Testament texts before his eyes, that for a little while he knew hardly what to do. But through them he goes, in Greek, English, and every way, till on his knees he cries out—“ Under the cross of the

ever blessed Jesus I will go forward." And a baptizer is called to lay him in his watery grave.

All right so far, but Peter Talkative is now in every meeting greatly revived; and little brother Make-You-See who got offended with a former pastor for singling him down, is back to want his half hour in which to tell the whole plan over, from the fall of Adam to the opening of the gates of the new Jerusalem; and the converts can't eat so much every night, so the church begins to take cold, and some grow feverish. Now the minister says to himself: Old Brother Steadfast is the D. D. of our church, I'll go and get his advice.

Another little matter, Brother S—,

I wish to interchange in thought with you,
 Since I have learned of late to more than guess
 The pulpit may be taught from out the pew.
 You know your good advice awhile ago
 A sermon proved to make me Bible-wise;
 And you did lead the converts in a row,
 That I, myself immersed, might them baptize.
 How shall we plan to draw the talent out
 From these young people who have come with us?
 The older brethren pray, and talk, and shout,
 And should I check them there would be a fuss.
 They take the time, they love to preach so well,
 And quite forget the little ones, I fear;
 I wish they wouldn't all our doctrine tell,
 And try to make each point amazing clear.

Dear Pastor, I'm so glad you mentioned this—

I've been a wantin' for to talk with you;
 An' now I see 'twill not be thought amiss
 For me to tell in short what I would do.
 Nex' Sunday giv' this text of holy writ,
 What Jesus on a time to Peter said—

You "feed my lambs," that is a part of it,
 An' dwell on that when you the rest hav' read.
 Say to us sheep which you are called to tend,
 Ther lambs must hav' a chance ter thrive an' grow—
 Have milk an' tender food—then recommend
 To put their fodder down a little low.
 An' the old sheep must never crowd th' young
 Ter take for once their feedin' place away;
 So lambs to eat will hav' ter use ther tongue—
 This means ter giv' 'em time ter say the'r say.
 An' thar would grow no sheep but for ther lambs,—
 Talk it right out, young brother, don't ye fear,—
 Tell us ole folks that we are now th' dams
 Ter nurtur' the young flock that gathers here.
 An' you yerself tak' painsome meetin' night
 To get ther lambs to do the'r eatin' fust;
 An' make the ole ones wait a leetle might,
 Then prais' an' joy from ev'ry heart'll bust.

Aunt Sally Seekyouout is a dear good member, but too particular altogether about the use of language, being an old school teacher, and a maiden lady out of choice, though she always smiles to here Brother Steadfast talk.

Well, unwisely she undertook to criticize an expression dropped by Sister Sensitive in one of her exhortations; and O, my! the two were apart at once; Sister Sensitive guessed she understood English, and knew the sense of words that she had used. And so the two went talking aloud away after three successive meetings, and though both were kindly remonstrated with, a few began to take sides with each. The pastor got the two together in the vestry, yet little seemed to be accomplished, and he left them both sullen as he finished his talk, and again he resolved to visit his old counsellor.

I hope you won't be tired, dear Brother S—,
 If I keep coming when a little blue;

This evening I am here in sore distress,
 To ask advice about a certain Two ;
 They are at variance on some small affair,
 And talk keeps driving them more wide apart ;
 'Twas nothing much to start with I declare,
 But bitter roots are growing in the heart.
 Our Sister Brown is pained to have things so ;
 She says 'twill hurt the cause here and around.
 I talked with her, and her advice was, go
 See Brother Steadfast for his counsel sound.

Dear me ! 'tis sich a pity at this stage
 That there should be a ruptur' in th' band,
 But Satan has been wakin' up ter rage,
 An' Christian tools he likes ter take in hand.
 He knows that when perfessors fall in war,
 Folks in ther world can hav' a good excuse
 For stayin' in their sins just whar they are,
 Ter laugh at ther reports of much abuse.
 Wall, hav' they been tergether? Yes, ye say,
 But when tergather they are fur apart ;
 An' yet they both into one heaven pray,
 An' ask one sparit ter control th' heart.
 Both too are members in long fellowship,
 An' in one bōdy tied by cov'nant rules—
 So, if in different ways ye let 'em slip,
 Their love'll tarn to hatred when it cools
 The only way when sich ones disagree,
 Is jest ter take ther steps of Holy Writ,
 Cov'rin' what faults ye can with charity ;
 If both hav' sinned let both be ownin' it.

I've larned by long exparance with disputes,
How futil' 'tis to arg'e ter git right ;
Pure gospel love'll kill discordant roots,
An' end ther best of any way—a fight.
If they were not church tied, each runnin' loose,
Folks need but keep a waitin' for awhile,
For wrong can't stay in one ter make abuse
With long continuance but ther man'll spile.
I ofen muse that right is slow of foot,
An' wrong runs by sometimes an' cheers his gait,
But right jogs slowly on if none salute,
An' right'll come out right if folks'll wait.

Glorious! Glorious! was one Thursday evening meeting, and the beauty of the Autumnal moon had brought a large crowd together. Old Brother Steadfast was at his best on "Confessin' an' bein' healed," and how the fire burned the meeting through; Aunt Sally felt a coal touch her old lips, and she was on her feet in no time, and with courtesy and grace had everything fixed up with the offended sister.

Now when the people waked up to the fact, what a shout arose, after which all sung—"From whence doth this union arise"—all differences seemed to be at once forgotten, and after meeting it was quietly planned to have a jubilee, and gift party at the minister's home.

Good evening, Brother Steadfast, Here again !
You can't find fault I'm sure, if others do,
About my visiting my fellow-men—
Or one of them at any rate—that's you.
Our folks have got it going all abroad,
Since it is harmony and peace once more,
That they will meet to show their sweet accord
Next Tuesday night upon my parlor floor.
I got a hint of this, as I suppose,
Lest Alice should be taken by surprise—

And then we might be gone away, who knows?
 As far as that's concerned they acted wise.
 But what I want to ask of you is this—
 Being aware how careful we should walk—
 Do you imagine it would be amiss
 To have a houseful for a social talk?

Wall, there, I'll have to call you Timothy—
 My gospel son—you come so much to larn.
 An' then you are so quick to hear ter me—
 I'm 'feared I'll get to run the whol' consarn.
 But howsumever this is my advice—
 Take it or leave it 'twill be all the same—
 That dear old gospel rule comes in here nice,
 We ought ter git tergether in His name.
 Now I will tell you plainly what I think ;
 I'm out an' out agin these church lervees,
 Got up ter git away the worldling's chink,
 With onreligious times in what'll please.
 Yet I am not opposed—don't think I am—
 To meetin' at your house a hundred strong,
 If we can read ter close th' thirtieth psalm,
 An' hav' some prayin' arter some sweet song.
 There'll be good salt enuff I feel assured
 To keep whoever comes to meet with you ;
 An' mebbby some sick sinner will git cured
 If we are doin' what we ought ter do.
 'Tis time we looked financial matters up,
 For preachers like we others hav' ter live ;
 You hav' been sowin'—now receive ther crop—
 Ther little that each on us has ter give.

Some people fight th' hat, or money box
In any public meetin' bein' took 'round,
Ter take ther muzzle from th' workin' ox,
That he may share ther profit of ther ground.
Well, you hav' been quite straitened I'm afeared,
An' I am glad our folks are gettin' stirred ;
Now if they bring farm-products don't be skeered,
I wish they'd pile you in a winter's hoard.

1890.

SO MANY THINGS.

SO many days of weariness and trial,
So many nights of watchfulness and pain ;
So many battles sore of self-denial,
A lasting victory and peace to gain.

So many sicknesses to bring the hour
That puts the fetters cold on every limb ;
So many fears that loom beyond our power,
And hang like shadows round the grave's low rim.

So many graves under our poor protection,
Guarded with tears that fall above the sod ;
Yet waiting sorrow sees the resurrection
That brings our own and us to be with God.

And, then, so many doubts bewildering sadly
Our broken way, like clouds above us hung,
Making us grope or sometimes murmur madly,
While hope and peace awhile away are flung.

So many grievings that we shrank so weakly,
To let misgivings hide from us the crown ;
And ah ! so many struggles, kneeling meekly,
To reach the heights from which we tumbled down.

So many things—O to be over yonder,
Where tired faith will rest in clearest sight ;
Where not a thing will serve our souls to sunder
From sweetest rapture in eternal light.

Poor, throbbing heart, submit a little longer,
Poor, way-sore feet, still keep the narrow way ;
Let faith and hope and love be growing stronger,
'Tis but a little while till endless day.



DO.

LET not thy noisy lips alone be telling
The way that mortals daily should behave ;
Flashes of holy life around thy dwelling,
And everywhere for right are far excelling
All promises to do, however brave.

We hear the thunder far above us rolling,
But see the effect when falls the lightning's stroke.
The noise may be but as the bell's loud tolling,
Only meanwhile the listening ear controlling,
Till near by falls bestrewn the shattered oak.

Then, we remember not alone the thunder
Peal after peal had rumbled overhead,
Just that one bolt fills all the soul with wonder,
Which breaks with power the mighty trunk asunder,
And many words about such work are said.

Speak loud and well, then match thy word with action ;
Smite wrong with lively blows by doing right.
Noise for a time may be one great attraction,
But meaning follows sound with satisfaction,
When force of character bursts on the sight.

BUILD WELL.

DIG deep, the rock now near thee lies,
Though piles of earth may be between ;
For thou art building to be seen
And known by more than earthly eyes.

The Master-builder stands by thee,
And crieth cast the soil away ;
Search for the rock whereon to lay
The strength of what thou art to be.

Train in thyself a willing mind
To come to him, and hear, and do
Whatever he may ask of you,
So shalt thou this foundation find.

Storms are to try us near and far ;
We are not building for a day,
Such houses surely will give way
Beneath the universal jar.

But who on the eternal Rock
Resteth his hopes for time and more,
Passeth unhurt all dangers o'er,
And stands beyond earth's final shock.

Dig deep, time's rubbish cast aside—
Stay every thing on Christ alone ;
Then feel as stable as his throne,
Nor dread the force of any tide.

All heaven will be thy sure defence,
Christ will not leave too long his own,
Who make their trust in him alone ;
Such wisdom he will recompense.



ZEAL.

WHEN stormy passions rage within thy soul,
And stir thy tongue to utter fiery words,
Say not, I have a zeal beyond control—
Who have not scabbards, should not carry swords.

True zeal is softened by warm-hearted love,
And reasons, while it urges loud and strong ;
Its force is drawn from power up above,
Which moveth one all unafraid along.

Once, we have heard of men who saw another
Casting some devils out, aside from them ;
They scorned his work, disowned him as a brother,
Till Jesus did their selfish zeal condemn.


And once, impetuous, in these early days,
The thoughts of flesh o'ermastering better love—
These same would call from heaven consuming blaze,
Till Jesus did the unworthy thought reprove.

Take truth's straight path, and pray for Heaven's light,
And calmly hark thy call to understand ;
Deem not the sun of day too hot, or bright
Or night too dark for toil if God demand

Then, harness zeal at once to do thy work ;
But let discretion hold for thee the rein ;
The Two together labor will not shirk,
And, God o'er all, will give thy doings gain.



BE YOURSELF.

E who would seek another's gift,
Himself above himself to lift ;
Himself belittles in all eyes,
As one who is not over-wise.

Once on a time a little king,
Mighty correct with stone and sling,
Another's armor donned awhile,
Which made no doubt his courtiers smile :

Not this alone, but common sense
Made him throw off the vain pretense,
When he his simple weapon took
To turn the spear against him shook.

So be yourself in every way,
Think for yourself, and say your say ;
Use your own voice, and put your hands
Where your inspired soul demands.

Let nature have her way with you,
No matter what you are called to do ;
And let God use you for his own,
Then giants will be overthrown.

TRUE GREATNESS.

HE is the mightiest man who rules himself—
And he the wisest who his weakness sees ;
The humblest who can sense his sinfulness,
And falls with moistened eyes upon his knees.

He is the gentlest, who just kisses babes,
And talks with birds that sing above his way ;
And he the bravest who disclaims to fight,
Yet calmly, firmly, meekly says his say.

He is the richest man whose bank is heaven,
Holding the name with which to enter there ;
His hut may be of logs, and landless he,
But in his bosom swings the key of prayer.

He is the truest man whose well set scales
Weigheth his words and acts with steady thought—
Who will arraign himself for evil doing,
Nor hide his blame with this—'tis naught, 'tis naught.

He is the safest man to be a guide
Who watcheth lest he too should lose the way ;
Finding the tracks of those who went before,
And shouting back the words they used to say.

He is the happiest man who seeks a throne,
And hastens on through life to take his crown,
Then says with joy I'll wait till Jesus comes,
And in this faith and hope he lieth down.



YE MAY DO GOOD.

“For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good.”

IT does them good to look into their faces,
With a long pity for their low estate ;
To sit with them awhile in their poor places,
And some sweet story of the Lord relate.

It does them good to fill want's bony fingers
With little bundles from your plenteous store ;
What you miss not, with them in memory lingers,
As bygone blessings which some angel bore.

It does them good, when the sick head is aching,
And all the frame the hands of languor seize,
For you to come, the fevered wrists uptaking,
And smooth the temples with a magic ease.

So, if a tear starts kindred to their sorrow,
As such sweet words they see your lips express,
"Poor soul, I hope you will feel better by to-morrow,
'Tis hard for you to bear this sore distress."

It does them good to know you're not above them,
Although your clothing may be better made ;
Your kindly acts make them believe you love them
Much more than if you simply came and prayed.

Your goodly deeds in many ways thus given
Will pile before your feet and theirs such stairs,
That they will follow you far into heaven,
When you climb up for them in making prayers.

And it will do you good, soul starving mortal,
To find the poor and bless them with your store ;
For after this a glance through heaven's portal
Will catch a smile from Jesus near the door.

1889.

HOW WILL IT BE?

NOW will it be when the day is done,
And the field of the world we are called to leave
In the shadow of mercy's sinking sun?

Shall we go as reapers to joy, or grieve?
Shall we sing of hope in the harvest yield,
Garnered by us from the world's wide field?

Or, with many a sigh, if we remain,
Spared ourselves, for the little wrought—
Shall we look back to the golden grain,
Left afield which we might have brought?
Joy will arise as has been the strife
In the grasp of fruit for eternal life.

To find "much fruit" in the betterland,
Safely housed from the storms of time,
Gathered and brought by a busy hand,
Will stand a pledge for a life sublime—
Linger and reap, as the sun glides low,
The day is ending, we soon must go.

THE WEALTH OF TEARS.

THERE are our tears by mortals so much needed?
For such affection lives if we can weep.
Unto the many, tears may pass unheeded,
But there are some whose hearts the pearls will keep.

Our Jesus wept, telling a nation's story,
And the dark sentences that sealed her doom.
His tears have come through years of pomp, and glory,
To fit how many for a sacred tomb.

Our Jesus wept against the grave's dark portal,
Though then his heart was all aglow with hope
That he for whom he wept—a sleeping mortal—
Would in a moment at his voice rise up.

And, men have told who saw love's melting token,
And friends have gathered as their friends have slept ;
But though death's slumber hath remained unbroken,
How sweet the thought hath been—our Jesus wept.

O, let us weep as we go forth proclaiming
Our Savior's readiness still to redeem ;
Words that float out on tears his goodness naming,
Glide to the heart adown the silvery stream.

O, let us weep as by deep graves we linger,
With those whose hearts are broken by a grief,
And weeping, point away hope's happy finger
To Him who holdeth joy as our relief.




FORETHOUGHT.

WHY should the heart be over sad,
Since God so much is doing
To lift away from earth the bad,
And then repair the ruin ?
We should not brood on what has been,
With sickly melancholy ;
We cannot renovate the scene
By musing on its folly.

Believe is just a glorious word—
The past our faith is calling,
The future too, with promise stored,
Is ever to us falling ;

And hope and faith is growing strong,
That all the plans of heaven
Will right the wrongs of earth ere long,
And only good be given.
The forces are not hidden now,
To work the transformation—
They pulsate all the lands below
With life from revelation ;
One mighty move alone we wait,
And this will soon be given,
Then all the earth in royal state
Will rise as pure as heaven.

EARTH'S EMPTINESS.

IME'S morrow hath no brighter scene
With which to feed my hungry eyes,
Cheated so oft with gilded lies ;
My souls best hope from nature flies
On lasting things to light and lean.

Whate'er I have, and all I see,
Hath such a share of emptiness !
If I at times a child caress,
A lingering dread of sore distress
Poisons the sweet, and clings to me.

My dearest friends are polished clay,
Sentient but by a heaven-lent spark ;
And bright as stars in evening's dark,
Yet transient as the sea-tossed bark
Which sudden storms may dash away.

My cheeks have felt so many tears,
My heart hath ached so oft and long,
And I have seen the strength of wrong,
And heard the minor tones of song
Enough to spoil my earthly years.

But yonder sweeps a low gray rim
Around the watched prophetic sky,
And from the mountains comes a cry—
The watchman's shout—"THE MORN IS NIGH!"
And nations rise to look for Him.

The Light of everlasting day,
The Life of all that death destroys,
The Cure of all earth's sin and noise,
The Bringer of unending joys,
Haste, O ! Redeemer, come away.



OUT OF TUNE.

HY organ stood a useless thing
Week after week to those who sing ;
All who would seat themselves to play,
Did soon arise and come away.
I said, I'll go and look within—
'Tis outwardly as it hath been ;
The pedals play an organ breeze,
Yet discord rings along the keys.

So, carefully I laid aside
Piece after piece, and back-board wide,
Lifted the key-board, when I found
The trouble with my organ's sound.
A mouse had lived above the reeds,
And built his nest for napping needs ;
His nibblings fine, about were blown,
Stopping, and spoiling many a tone.

The reeds were drawn, the brush was used,
And many a silent tongue was loosed ;
The parts replaced, and then the keys
Rang out the old-time harmonies.
I thought—"this figure suits me well,
A story of ourselves to tell"—
Attuned by Heaven, what music flows
Harmonious as the Spirit blows.

But, when some little mouse of sin
Creeps from the outer world within,
The prayers, the talks, the songs we sing,
To listening ears with discord ring.
Ah ! then what dusting should there be
Of every inharmonious key,
Till prayer and praise in sweet accord
Flow out as music—to the Lord !

“HE KNOWS THE REST.”



LITTLE girl upon her father's knee
Was drawn with love caresses to his breast,
And soon, her head upon his shoulder leaning,
She lost herself in sleep and quiet rest.


He bore her to her chamber's little bed,
And half aroused her as he lay her there,
Then took advantage of her opening eyes
To ask her if she would forget her prayer.

Dear heart, how dreamily she sought to say,
Beginning, “Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord,”—but too far gone she uttered,
“He knows the rest,” and sank in slumbers deep.

Sweet, tired child ! I love to be like her,
In confidence and trust that heavenly care
Is never measured to God's older children
Because of many words put into prayer.

And, O, how much is gained in feeling this,—
Our broken sentences are often best,
If we can say in tones of sweet submission,
“I cannot say it all, ‘He knows the rest.’”

THE COUNTRY PREACHER.

 CHANCED one day along life's road
To join a man whose bearing showed
That he was thoughtful ; and I said—
Swinging a careless glance o'erhead,
Wishing to hear the traveller talk
And to beguile awhile my walk ;
This day is fine, sir ! and the sky—
Indeed, all days are fine ! was his reply ;
The sun may shine or not, there is a light
To make our mental sky serenely bright,
And I have learned whatever ill betide
To train my eye of faith to watch one Guide—
With Christ our Light and Leader, need we wait
For all of heaven beyond times outer gate ?

Thou art a gospel preacher I perceive—
I then remarked : and surely I believe
In preaching, but have often thought
Too many men in haste the call have sought,
And never heard it ; yet, would go
For selfish ends without the woe.

Albeit thus ! he looked at me and spake—
I'll tell in short to thee, the view I take ;
Two worlds are mapped upon the sacred page,
This one of time, and an eternal age ;
Here, is the ruined state, there the repaired—
And the conditions, if that may be shared
Are these ; a gate called strait opens the way
From what is here, out to an endless day—

Found by submission o'er its entrance stair,
And swung to kneelers at the knock of prayer :
Once wholly through this self-denying pass,
This earth's gay glory seems like fading grass ;
And visions of a better state arise
To lure impatient feet, and charm the eyes :
Then all the heart is eloquent with speech
Beseeching every foot astray to reach
This way of life ; and whoso feels for all
Such great solicitude, receives a call :
And Such will preach, bearing reproach, and shame—
If heaped upon them for their Master's name,
And Such will preach ! walking with weary feet
To find the few with ears for news so sweet—
And Such will preach for naught—if naught be given,
Looking for stipend from the store of heaven.

Well, we agree in this ! I said,
Nor would I hear a longer thread,
For I was sure the man would teach
That, though all in a sense may preach—
Yet, differing gifts were given to all,
As writeth us the great Saint Paul.
And ; I was curious quite to hear
His views told of that other sphere ;
Thinking of what he had declared
About the ruined state repaired—
And so I spake, good preacher, come !
What think you of our future home ?

I am most happy that to thee to tell—
He smiling answered, since it pleaseth well !

A Blissful Vision.

I sat me down to muse one weary day,
And soon in thought was wandering far away.
Before me rose a shining, narrow gate ;
It swung, and lo ! a saintly form did wait
Within for me. Amazed I saw him stand
And stretch his own to grasp my mortal hand.
“Come unto me,” he said, “earth-weary child,
And I will teach thee ;” and so sweetly smiled
That all my fears were fled, and by his side
I held his hand—my more than mortal guide,—
And he was speaking as he led me forth :
And first he told me, “This is God’s new earth ;”
And I had guessed it, though my searching eyes
Had swept but once the landscape and the skies.
For at my feet the soil seemed new and clean,
And all the grass grew thickly fresh and green,
Which all among were flowers of every hue,
And bursting buds just pushing into view ;
And trees, and vines, and all I saw below
Seemed beautiful as God could make them grow.
And I was thinking of a sacred verse,
When he who led me, spake it : “No more curse—”
And I was listening as we passed along,
To catch the floating snatches of a song ;
Till coming nearer, thus I caught the strain,
“Worthy the Lamb that once for us was slain,”
I gazed entranced, for mighty hosts were singing,
And golden harps with richest tones were ringing,

As now the glad refrain came pouring forth :
“For us, and we shall reign upon the earth !”
What beams of glory danced on every brow
And every cheek wore health and beauty now.
“And is disease a stranger here ?” I asked, full fain,
My guide responding answered, “No more pain.”
He brought me, and we wandered long beside
A flowing river, deep, and clear, and wide,
Till high on either bank, a branching wood
Kissing the sky in awful grandeur, stood
With monthly fruitage full. “Life’s trees,” he saith,
And then kept on repeating, “No more death.”
My eyes were chained intent, till when my guide
Bade me look farther back, on either side,
And lo ! a city—but with mortal tongue,
I stop and leave its glories all unsung.
And now such radiant light around was shining
Methought ourselves beyond the day’s declining ;
For wave on wave the city flashed afar,
Its dazzling splendor like a burning star.
And he who led me, read my thoughts aright,
And spake them shortly, saying, “No more night.”
What ! “No more curse, nor pain, nor death, nor night ?”
Bright vision of a world, surpassing bright !
“And can it be that things will always stay
As beautiful and glorious, as they seem to-day ?”
I said, as coming to the shining gate
My guide still holding me, content to wait.
“Always,” he said, “the nature of this clime
Is one bright, balmy, constant summer time.”

To me your notions, preacher friend, are new !
And lack not beauty, were they only true
I said ; but, things of heaven sublime
Bear no resemblance to the things of time :
You have a show of truth I fully own,
But truths like this, if true were longer known.

I know that age gives value much to truth !
Yet ; what you deem untrue because of youth—
He urged, the Seers of old did help unfold
In theory, every phase my tongue hath told ;
Isaiah sees through centuries afar ;
The rending Heavens reveal God's flaming car—
And mountains that the ages have withstood
Bow at his presence in a rolling flood ;
While nations adverse to his heard of fame,
Tremble at the revealments of his name ;
And, he beholds him with restoring hand
Lift the dark veil that mantles all the land,—
Break, Death's dominion, seize at once the prey,
And from all faces wipe the tears away—
Bringing to all his people instant mirth—
Speaking rebuke at once from off the earth ;
When shouts aloud arise with one accord
From those who waited long—" This is the Lord ;"
Now praise resounds from every tribe and nation
" We will be glad," and " Joy in his Salvation."
And, hark ! with Heaven-touched-lips he sings again
Of restitution in enrapturing strain ;
A " Branch " that upward sprang from " Jesse's root,"
Fills all the world with Heaven appointed fruit—

Being wise to judge with righteousness, and might,
He knoweth whom to save, and whom to smite ;
And how to make the winds of trouble cease—
And bring to earth the eternal calm of peace,
Making one fold the wolf, and lamb to share
With safety, and contentment dwelling there.

You have a picture charming sweet, indeed !

I interrupted, but we clearly read

“Eye hath not seen”—you know the Apostle’s word—
The things prepared for these who love the Lord.”

I paused, and he began again to speak—
His voice attuned, and every feature meek ;
No human eye, I know, the land hath seen
Through all the shadowy mists that rise between—
But, holy men of old, as men of faith
Hearing, and writing what the spirit saith,
Knew of that land, and of its parts may tell
As though the things in fact to eye-sight fell ;
Go read Saint Paul that early preacher bold—
As I have learned from him this truth I hold
That faith gives substance to the hoped for things,
And what hath not been seen in promise brings ;
What worthy names he sites, with strong desire
Looking through years of pain with eyes of fire
To see a country heavenly in its make—
A city too no storms can reach to shake :
These died in faith—the substance had not come,
But rising they shall greet the eternal home—
What real, and not a spirit land
I said, sir, would you have me understand ?


And, do you hold we get this prize
Below, and not above the skies?
If so, can Peter's words be true?
He says—"reserved in Heaven for you."

And more than this, I know! the good man said,
For he had caught my text, and quickly read—
Closing the sentence with his voice sublime,
"Ready to be revealed in the last time"—
"Reserved in heaven" with Christ all life is hid
Till he shall come to lift each grave's low lid—
"Reserved in heaven" our blood bought title claim
Laid on the records in our Lawyer's name—
"Reserved in heaven" the "house not made with hands,"
Where earth's "born king" as priest our surety stands;
But, lo! that life is yet to be poured forth
Through all the sainted dead of sea and earth;
That city built age-lasting in renown
To grace the world-wide kingdom shall come down
And he who entered heaven our priest alone;
Shall plant to reign on earth his kingly throne.

Once more hear Paul—"When Christ delivers up
His priestly rule, and Mercy's day shall stop—
The rebel army as the last of all
Shall rise before his victor sword to fall;
Satan to lead the fray, yet doth he know
His time has come, at war with such a foe:
Now, Death may riot still a little while—
Yet, soon above Death's death shall triumph smile;
For, Death by death to death once brought
Him who arose all death to bring to naught:

Rebellion now is crushed, God's earth-born son
Lays fly the flag of peace for victories won—
Gives back the kingdom from the usurper took
With heavenly satisfaction in his look.
To make the heart a little longer sing,
I will his words sent to the Romans bring—
"If Children heirs;" He here with glowing speech
Both of the tenure, and estate doth teach.
Across the present age his prophet-eye
Counts up the sufferings that are far and nigh,
To reckon them all told, as nothing worth
When set against the joy that comes to earth :
Creation's throbbing heart burdened with pain
He makes expectant—great relief to gain ;
Her heavy years of travail, sin, and grief—
He sends away with thoughts of sweet relief,
And all exultant brings the birthday on
Of what is only good, with evil gone ;
He sees Death's door unclosed with Christ's strong key,
And all the " sons of God " alive go free :
Thus all the earth which did man's evil share
Groaning with him, and for him mourning wear
Exults in blest emancipation now
Casting the sackcloth from her aged brow :
Her robes of youth are ready—Jesus stands
With garments all perennial in his hands ;
And every waste, and every dreary glade
Where sin hath been, and where the dead were laid,
Have flowers, and fruit as fair as Heaven can strew
For man by Heaven redeemed on earth made new.

HOPE'S VISION.


 O ! look to the East; the day-sky is breaking,
 The bright herald-star is enticing the morn ;
 Now swiftly, and surely Creation is waking,
 To lift up the shout, " A new era is born ! "

So long hath the darkness o'ershaded our Eden,
 The flowers are stunted, and sickly withal ;
 Ah, the death-dews, with which they so heavy are laden,
 Snatch sweetness, and beauty, and leave them to fall.

Man gropes o'er his pathway, well used to the shadows ;
 Now, wearily nodding, and stumbling along ;
 Thorn-torn are his feet, and in reaping Earth's meadows,
 The pain of the thistle oft hushes his song.

Crime stalketh red-handed, and wasting diseases,
 To mock at stern Justice, and Mercy's soft plea ;
 Earth's dauntless usurper rides forth as he pleases,
 Hot tears are his nectar, sad wailings his glee.

We can reckon on nothing—on no one around us,
 To break the strong fetters, and free us from wrong ;
 But One out of heaven hath sought us and found us,
 With a heart full of pity, and a hand that was strong.

He went through the clouds, but hath left us his pledges
 That what he began he will finish sometime ;
 He hath promised us life through the ages of ages ;
 He hath promised a kingdom, eternal, sublime.

He can speak to the dust, and the saints will awaken ;
 He can kindle the fires to consume earth's alloy ;
 He will fix here his throne, to continue unshaken,
 He will fling over earth all the causes of joy.

Come, day of His presence, and sweet resurrection !
 Come, throne, the grand centre of earth,—now a waste ;
 Come, verdure, and flowers, and trees in perfection,
 Come all that is for us,—we cry in our haste.



"I SAY UNTO ALL, WATCH."

(JESUS.)

THIS long, so long to wait for morning,
 And keep awake when night is dark—
 Yet, we must watch to heed the warning ;
 And for the trump of day-dawn hark.

We sweetly know that night is ending ;
 Yea, the last hour is on the sky,
 That the pledge-star is fast ascending,
 Of morning, for the heart and eye.

What morning is it? Men are asking ;
 Ah ! one that keeps the soul awake,
 In anxious waiting to be basking
 In sunbeams that shall o'er us break :

Morning of life, that finds the sleeping,
 Who could not keep awake from death,
 Light into darkest places creeping,
 And with the light, immortal breath.

So, morn of meeting, O, surprising !
 With all above and all below ;
 Glory descending, gladness rising,—
 Who would not watch to catch the glow ?

Earth, thou art waiting for this gladness,
 As all the good, alive, or dead !
 The night is fleeting with its sadness,
 So, Heaven waits all joy to spread.

THE WATCHER.

BETWEEN two worlds with patient heart he waited,
 A watcher who had known both light and shade ;
 Upon whose ear far sounds had undulated,
 As if, the songs had been by angels made.

And I half read, by close discrimination,
 His very nature in his saintly face ;
 Knew well, before his lips made exclamation,
 That he had somehow known a holier place.

And thus he spake, to tell with words so tender,
 In varied thought of what his soul had known
 In times when he to sorrow did surrender ;
 Of times when grief by joy was overthrown.

"The burden to my heart by sorrow lifted,
Have pressed from pain's ripe clusters wine that cheers ;
And my poor eyes, by chasms death has rifted,
Are cleaner for the washings of their tears.

My feet have ached along the rugged going,
But, this is solace as I hither come,
That after all the wand'rings they are knowing,
The feet that stumble here, shall bring me home.

Above earth's babble, now the charm of voices
I hear in night-time, and at sunny morn ;
My spirit knows them from all other noises,
And feels the hand with these that leads me on.

And so I watch to hear the high gate swinging ;
To see the clouds roll off that make earth's woe ;
Waiting in joy even now the glad home-bringing,
Of what is worthy from the dark below."

With such a watcher be my soul united,
To bear time's ills with pleasure, till the day
The King shall have his banquet hall well lighted
For mortals fitted for an endless stay.

JUST BEFORE.

JUST before—in my heart I am hearing
All the time these two sweet words.
Though it be dark in the skies outspreading,
Though it be dark round the path I am treading,
Cometh this thought while tears I am shedding,
Just before, like the song of birds.

Born of hope were the twins of beauty,
To cheer the soul in a world like this ;
Just behind there was sore disaster,
Doubt claimed by force to be my master ;
Then, over and over, faster and faster,
Came, just before is the goal of bliss.


Sometimes, it is true, there are moods of fearing
That we may be led by a phantom light ;
But, the past is dead, there is no denying,
And the present lieth around us dying ;
To all we may ask, comes this replying,
Just before are days more bright.

This bow of promise is ever shining—
We keep our eyes where the ends touch down ;
As the years sweep past with their store of sorrow,
And the graves grow thick with each sad to-morrow ;
So, out of the rainbow light, we borrow
This joy, that just before is the crown.

Ay, just before, all the lights of heaven
To shine on the eyes of the saintly host ;
While mortal life but a span, will be ending,
Joy-morning breaks with the Christ descending,
And all his glory to earth he is lending ;
Just before ! we are there almost.

NEAR HOME'S GATE.

SONNET.

S the worn traveller near his own abode,
When evening shades have fallen on his way,
And the light glimmers where his dear ones stay,
Forgets by half the long and toilsome road
For the home-joy so soon to be bestowed
By shining faces, and the voices sweet
Mixed with the music of the pattering feet
To roll away entire, care's heavy load—
So, up through life's great dark I tired come,
And things familiar grow, as seers have told—
We must be near I know the outer gate
That leads us closely to the halls of home ;
O, can I bear the joy, when friends of old
Shall meet me gladly as the ones that wait ?

HOMESICK.

NOT for an earthly home my fever rages—
Though earthly homes are sweet,
Yet they are built not for eternal ages,
With all their parts complete,
As that one is for which my heart is aching ;
For long ago I heard
Descriptive strains—prophetic echoes breaking,
And all my soul was stirred.

I know it must be grand where Christ prepareth
The many-mansioned home ;
All-powerful, his hand no effort spareth
Till he shall bid us come.
How shine the towers and domes of that new dwelling,
In the high noon of heaven ;
What radiant walks—what songs triumphant swelling—
What welcomes there are given !

Behold the parks angelic hands have planted—
Such wondrous trees and flowers !
Ah, how at times my earthworn soul hath panted
To tread those peaceful bowers,
Through which may sift in sprays the golden sunbeams
Of endless summer-time,
Not now with scorching heat or dazzling light-gleams,
But cheering, soft, sublime.

And far away, what hills of green are lifting,
Vine-clad and glory-crowned ;
Infolding vales where seas of song are drifting,
The ceaseless ages round.
These gentle slopes may be the blessed places
Where we shall meet again
The kindly glance of old familiar faces,
And link anew love's chain.

Ah, vanished ones, how much to-day I miss them ;
And tell me not, for true,
I may not know the dear ones there, and kiss them ;
As when we bade adieu.
But I would hold His feet with sweetest pleasure,
Who bought so much for me,
And He will be, I know, my choicest treasure,
Where all my treasures be.



THE "BETTER COUNTRY."

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ HERE'S a country untried by our homesick souls,
Where unending joy through all places rolls ;
With its city from heaven, of the golden street
Untrodden as yet by a pilgrim's feet—
Thither we peer through the misty air,
As we muse and long for the glories there.

O'er the land which cometh just after this,
With its every scene all aglow with bliss,

We are sure that no sorrow shall ever roll
Like a bursting cloud to o'erflood the soul,
For the cause of all sorrow and ruin—sin,
Shall have no tenure this world within.

With evil ended, the thought of pain
And death is unknown in the glad domain ;
So smiles that faded through sickness sore,
Relight the brow to depart no more ;
And songs that died with the failing breath,
Are heard in a fulness that mocks at death.

And the eye that wistfully said good bye,
Will flash with a rapture no grief can try,
For friendship's links are re-knit anew,
With never a thought of a long adieu ;
Wrinkled age from this home is gone,
Yet the old-time faces are looked upon.

O, the children that went with their blighted charms,
Are back from their graves to our thrilling arms ;
And every foot that was bent to roam,
And every heart that sighed for this home,
Time's journey ended, the graveyard past—
Find its perfection and gladness at last.

TIME'S WAY.

HOW high ye look, ye mountains that arise
Beneath the frowning clouds of angry skies ;
How deep the vales between ; and must we go
Up all these heights, and through the depths below ?
Is there no other way
Out to eternal day ?

O Time, with such a measure of our ills,
Or great or small our mountain steeps and hills ;
O Time, thy vales are where our dear ones sleep,
And shadows hang above us while we weep.
There is no other way
Out to eternal day.

But in the vales we muse of what shall be
Beyond the hills that all around we see ;
And on the heights we sometimes seem to view
The river that divides the worlds in two ;
And then we joyful say,
We are far along the way.

And since we know so much, we well can wait
Making our journey with its sorrows great ;
The compensation of the nearing lands
Will make us swing for joy these heavy hands,
As from the stormy past
We shout, " Safe home at last ! "

AT FIRST—AT LAST.

HAVE this poor life with its allotted ills
Mixed all the way, though long or short it be ;
And then a glance at sunset o'er the hills—

And then to sleep in earth so quietly,

Till, in the ear of death a voice shall call,
Rousing the sleepers of the ages up ;
Grand gathering of the good, or great or small,
To one bright home so long the goal of hope.

At first, to strew our tear-drops all along,
Crying like children plagued in many ways ;
At last, to laugh with joy, and strike a song
That grows not old in all the eternal days.

At first, to toil and sweat on rugged lands,
Fighting the curse that came for primal sin ;
At last, to wash from work our blistered hands—
The rest that never endeth to begin.

At first, to live by faith, perplexed with doubt,
As taunting lips ask, "Where is all your joy ?"
At last, to have the kingdom come about
Where faith and hope we need no more employ.


At first, such longings to behold the friend
Who doeth everything that shall be done ;
At last, to see his once pierced hands extend
A welcome to the wealth himself hath won.

The first of time's long night is past afar,
And morning flushes all the hill-tops high ;
The sweet at last—looking from where we are—
With all its promised glory cometh nigh.

Wipe up your tears, ye weary-hearted ones,
As home-sick children do returning home ;
Ye are our Heavenly Father's daughters, sons ;
Wipe up your tears to sing—the at last has come.

1801.

THE END OF YEARS.

HE night winds blow above the hills—
We hear them rave the trees among,
And shivering wait with winter's chills
To see the moon's long shadows flung
Athwart the street—now let us go
Murmuring the thoughts that haunt us so.

Death lurks with ready aim to slay
The dear old year, so like a friend !
How solemn watching hours away,
Well knowing such is near the end !
And musing thus, who can restore
What must go by to come no more ?

Yet, suns will rise and set, is true,
Our moon and stars be just as bright ;
The old year's ways come in the new—
Still, this sad thought comes with the flight


Of an old friend back to a grave,
From which no hand has power to save.

Hope turns however from the gloom,
And whispers to the heart, be glad !
From off the surface of the tomb
She strips the weeds that make us sad,
And cries, look yonder, flowers will grow
More beautiful than long ago !

All years of time alike will die ;
Prepare for this your funeral tears,
Ye men of earth—We heave no sigh
At thought of what beyond appears ;
New life, new joys, yea, all things new,
With heaven and earth no longer two.

A BOAT ADRIFT.

Imaginings upon an incident taken from an old log-book.

IMLESSLY there was drifting
A boat on the open sea
Which the lazy waves kept lifting,
And rocking all carelessly,
Till a ship's crew it espying
Bore down on the silent thing,
Each sailor eagerly eyeing
To see if it ought might bring ;
Horrors ! three men are sailing
Dead, at the will of the breeze,
One more upright near the railing—

All shrunken and wasted these :
In the pocket of him who is sitting,
Letters of love-words are found ;
Mother and wife ne'er forgetting
The dear ones so far away bound—
"I kissed you good bye," wrote the mother ;
"But why did you sail thus away ?
Your object was gain for another,
Yet, we had enough did you stay—
The homestead together owning,
And I had a son true and mild—
Besides, you have left in long moaning
Your beautiful wife, and your child.
We remember your promise made though,
That after this voyage is o'er,
And you come from your Eldorado
You are not to go back any more.
Remember how mother is missing
Long, her only, only son—
That her tears are this paper kissing—
The lines that she writes one by one."

Unfolding the other letter,
Was a scrap from a baby-hand—
Helped by her mamma, that better
The papa could understand ;
"We want you all our papa dear !
You never must stay so long—
Grandma, and mamma, and I are here
Loving you ever so strong."

Then the longest saddest writing
From a dear wife's lonesome heart,
Which to his were years uniting—
Now by months but kept apart ;
She is telling how dreams come thronging
Of his bronzed and care-worn face—
Of the wild and restless longing
Of her heart in every place ;
How she wanders his pathways over,
And leans to the work of his hands,

To pour down her tears for the lover
Far away o'er the South stretching lands ;
How up at his picture she gazes,
Then over and over anew
What kisses on baby she places,
For myself they are given, and you.
Now comfort drops into her grieving
That the day will arrive for return.
And you the far shores will be leaving
When our fires at Christmas shall burn ;
So, I will forget half my sorrow
As I look toward the South—and be gay,
And sing to our sweet girl to-morrow
As I tell her you come from that way.
Next Christmas you turn round to meet us,
Our faces will turn to meet you ;
When the lark sings in spring you will greet us,
And the birds in the elms at Broadview.
God keep you dear Henry we pray
From hunger, and ship-wreck and harm—

As the months shall be wearing away
I will try to grow braver and calm.

How sad must this burial be

As the boat was towed near to the land,
And under an African tree


The sod was turned up by this band ;
One grave for the sailors they made—

And one for the master alone
From whose pockets the letters were read,
Whose words in our hearts were a moan.
They chiseled a slab for the stranger

With his name from the letters—that's all,
And left him in care of the angels,
With a cloud for a funeral pall :
Not tearless to go to their places,

While the mother, and wife in their tears
Wait in vain for their Henry's embraces
Till they meet in the unwasting years.

GONE.

 HERE is many a thought in story and song,
That maketh the heart—my heart forlorn :
But never a word or short, or long
Around which olden memories throng,
Hath a sadder sound than gone.

It meaneth this—there are voices hushed,
And faces hid that were bright as morn—
That hopes which grew in the heart were crushed
As some dreadful days behind us rushed,
And a treasure with them was gone.


There are vacancies we can hardly bear,
 They bleed the life of our souls away ;
 Here an empty room, and an empty chair
 Where we owned our own with our love and care,
 But alas ! they could not stay !

The roads are not the roads they were—
 Nor the open door with its grassy lawn ;
 There were feet there once with life astir,
 Now, we look in vain for him, or her—
 While the heart keeps whispering, gone !

Gone ! so it must be—we too shall go,
 As the ways of the world take souls apart—
 And hope hath the only balm we know,
 That somewhere beyond these paths below
 There will be a relinking of heart.

At Home, April 1, 1889.

GRIEF.

 GRIEF came and sat within our door,
 We did not wish her long to stay ;
 She fixed her sad eyes on the floor,
 And gave no sign to go away.

We thought to treat her cold and rude—
 We could not love her in our home—
 She seemed to like our solitude,
 And followed us from room to room.

She kept all quiet, night and day,
 'Twas well, for we had sickness there ;
She bowed with us while down to pray,
 And mingled with us in our prayer ;

And yet, we prayed she might depart—
 We longed to sing her from the door
And have joy gladden up the heart ;
 But day by day, she clung the more.

She had her tears for every pain—
 Her wakeful watching hours as well—
She knew our love was being slain,
 And when each hope within us fell.

At last, our broken idol lay
 Beyond the help of human care ;
Then, we were willing grief should stay—
 We could but want to keep her there.

And now, though little years have fled
 Since grief kept with us many a day ;
She walks with us above our dead,
 Nor, would we challenge her away.

BENNIE D.

WHO whittled your chair so dear lady?
Some rogue it must surely have been—
And you keep it I see in the parlor
For the notice of all that come in :

Bennie D., and how rude are the letters
On the back of a nice cushioned chair ;
Say, why does it stand in the parlor,
Are there reasons for having it there ?

How I pitied the face of the mother
As my questions to answer she came,
And with quivering lips slowly uttered
The badly cut half whittled name ;

Bennie D. was my boy in this cottage
Ten years since that sadly have gone,
And here in this room I surprised him
Leaning over that cushion one morn

With his knife ; and she went to the mantle,
And took from a box with a sigh
The tool of the rogue, yet her darling
That cut out the letters so shy.

Well, the chair went away to the chamber,
She continued—for months to remain,
And ah ! but for something that happened
Would never have come here again ;


But Bennie we took to the graveyard,
And before he was carried away
His casket was laid on that chair-seat
With Bennie D. over his clay.

Now, the chair keeps its place in the parlor—
And the knife in its little box lies—
While Bennie is out in his grave-bed,
And the tears stand a flood in my eyes.

So we put Bennie D. on the head-stone,
And Christ has his name up in heaven—
While Hope only comes as our solace
Till he back to our arms shall be given.



CONTRASTS.

UPS of pleasure we discover,
Then misfortune tips them over.
Now we laugh, but frolic flies,
And the tears are in our eyes.
Singing oft a tender strain
Only drowns a pang of pain.
Sweetest love of mate with mate
Sometimes turns to bitter hate.
Clouds and sunshine strive together
Thus, we have our fickle weather.
Oft, how oft the firmest breath
In a moment yields to death.
Living, dying, is the order
Of our earth in every border.

Winter kills, but spring arrives
In time to save a myriad lives :
Let the ice-throned king remain
Nature would not wake again.
Earth has moved from heaven so far,
This is why we're as we are ;
Heaven will find the earth some day,
Then, every ill will pass away.

MARCH.

LOOK out for March—He cometh, and his eyes,
Betray the frolic of his changing skies—
He hath his store of winds among the hills,
And other snows that winter hath not spread,
These he will pile on us from overhead—
He often, all the drifting places fills.

And, then he laughs to see us in the slush,
Made by the higher sun, or rainy gush—
But let him March, and fickle April too ;
We can endure awhile the stress in hope,
For lovely May is here when these are through,
And a long pleasant time will seem to stop.

SUMMER TIME.


SPRING puts on summer garb in such a way
That we who watch her hardly know the day—
For all at once the fact is clearly seen
Her flowing robes are of a darker green ;
And for a bud, the rose she wears in bloom—
Filling the air about her with perfume :
And birds that knew her not as gentle spring
Flock through the trees their summer songs to sing.
Now, rock the butterflies along her way
With zigzag flutter through the sunlight gay—
The whippoorwill begins his evening moan,
Answered by crickets with reproofing tone.
Along the river-banks, and marshy way
The fire-flies swing their lamps from eve till day
A golden veil is thrown around the sun
At early morn ; and when the day is done
Softly the stars shine in the twilight clear,
And all admit that summer-time is here.

JUNE.

I THOUGHT 'twas May I loved the best,
But June has come with all her charms ;
And though not yet have I confessed,
I own my other mind, she harms
Laying more beauty on the farms—
The woods in finer green are dressed—
Where birdlings hop from many a nest.

And old birds sing their morning psalms.
Children have flowers in their arms
More beautiful than May possessed,
And strawberry stains are on their palms ;
Our lips their juices too have pressed
So much to praise my feelings test,
After May-showers so many calms.

DYING SUMMER.

 SUMMER is dying, see the birds are gone—
They would not stay to look upon the scene ;
They flocked around to sing when she was born,
And lingered through the sweetest months of green.
But, see, at the first signs of her decay,
They sang a farewell dirge and fled away.


Summer is dying now, each moving breath
Tells to the careful ear her days are few ;
And her gay robes are laid aside for death—
Her flowers are left for ruder hands to strew ;
While the cold night-dews gather on her brow,
Be still, and weep, summer is dying now.

Summer is dying—see the mantling clouds
Hovering to watch her all along the sky,
And holding out for her their snowy shrouds
They seem to say—"When the fair one shall die"
These robes are hers, and bending o'er her bier
We'll not forget to shed the farewell tear.

Summer is dying with her many charms
O, who will take her sinking form to-day—
So, sweet September stretches forth her arms !
Clasps her most fondly—hurries her away—
And as they go she dies, and sterner Fall
Draws o'er her lovely form the funeral pall.


1867.

WHY SUMMER GOES AWAY.

 WINTER in love with summer-time
From hearing of her many charms,
Leaves his far northern home, and comes
Longing to take her to his arms ;
She knows beyond the ice and snow
He on his sledge can never go.

Still she is so afraid of him,
Only from what to her is told,
She gathers all her flowers up,
And flies away from snow and cold.

LATE NOVEMBER.

 FORMS wait in all our skies. The hills are dead,
And the long vales are hushed, for winter snows ;
Their marshes, and the brooks already froze—
And every rush a-tremble as with dread ;
The trees have but some leaves o'erhead—

While here and there is heard the caw of crows ;
But every tenderer bird that yearly knows
The terror of fall's later months, has fled.
The cattle move about with discontent,
And find their homes as chilly night comes down,
When the old farmer closer draws his frock,
And sights the clouds, as if they evil meant ;
Yet one dear family throughout the town
Seems happy in the fields—the fleecy flock.

WINTER.

IT is winter, lonesome winter,
While so much that cheered has fled
Things of Spring-time, Summer, Autumn,
Gone beneath the snow all dead :
Yet Hope dies not in December,
If the heart with faith be warm ;
Since it sweetly doth remember
There is sunshine after storm—
Since it sweetly doth remember
What Death down to Earth may fling,
Shall come back to our affection
In the golden days of Spring.

LONE PINE.

Some two miles away from Castleton village, Vt., on a lofty hill stands a lone pine. This dark green cone-like figure against the ever changing sky is not aware of the pleasurable or sad emotions awakened in the many who must look upon it if they but turn their eyes toward the south. Our C. L. S.-C. of this village has taken its name from this favorite tree.

LONE pine, should I address thee, far or near,
A poor, unthinking tree thou couldst not hear ;
Yet thy familiar form

On yonder hill-top 'gainst the southern sky,
So oft has fallen on my upturned eye,
Through days of sun and storm—

That I will not forbear my speech to frame ;
Hearing or not it will be all the same,
As I may better keep
In memory's book when I may pass from thee,
Some thoughts suggested by a lonely tree,
Far up the hillside steep.

Thou didst not grieve when thy companions fell—
Thou hadst no words regretful then to tell.
Still, I have thought of thee—
Bereft of all that in their beauty stood—
A forest throng, of many kinds of wood—
A pleasant family.

Left now alone—the ax of death did fall,
And thou wast spared the only one of all,
To meet the mountain gale !
To sing thy stronger bass to every breeze,
And favored then, as still, the tree of trees—
Thy lot dost not bewail !


But there creeps over me a sadness oft,
As thou art standing in thy pride aloft,
And I am led to say,
There are, who live with all their dear ones gone,
In sentient loneliness their loss to mourn
The many borne away.

They cannot brave the heavier blast like thee,
That breaks the more for every falling tree,
They cannot louder sing ;
Their lives were blended so with those they had
And lost, now they themselves so lonely, sad,
Would to the valley fling.

But thou art just the same old hill-top pine !
A lovely shade when summer suns do shine,
And thou dost feast our eyes.
May we, whom time and change leave all alone,
Stay to do good, and hope that farther on
May Beam far sunnier skies

Castleton, February 1885.

LIFE'S SEASON.

RING-TIME is when life is the strongest,
And the verdure is young, and so fair—
With the buds breaking forth into blossom
On the fruit-trees abroad everywhere—
And our hearts seem in happiness longest
The joy of all nature to share.

How beautiful then is the summer,
So kindly embellished by spring ;
All fruits from the blossoms are growing,
And the wee birds are learning to sing ;
The brooks have run low to a murmur
Where the shy mottled trout we may fling.

Now Autumn is here with completeness—
How quickly two seasons have gone ?
The fruits all appear in their richness,
And in nature old age hurries on—
The bees have well hoarded their sweetness
And, chill holds the evening and morn.

Ah, here is a lesson for mortals—
Our Spring-time makes sure all the rest ;
If we trifle away life's beginnings,
The blossoms may blight in the breast,
And, as summer throws open her portals
We may live but as useless at best :


The fruits by our Maker demanded,—
 Our souls have been cheated of these ;
 And we pass through mid-life though well-cultured
 With “ nothing but leaves ” on our trees :
 Our growth for all else is expanded—
 But 'tis “ good fruit ” alone that will please.

Sad the Autumn, if Spring-time be wasted,
 Though the summer be healthful and gay ;
 We must open our eyes filled with sorrow
 When the harvest shall take us away ;
 And, as trees useless, fruitless, be hasted
 From time, having finished our day.

1889.

THE LEAF.

To a leaf snowed in against my window-pane during a severe storm in the winter of 1889.

ND whither tiny mortal have you come
 This wintry-day to look into our home ?
 You will not tell I see the changeful story—
 Now worn, and withered past all earthly glory :
 Then while I trace your course listen intent,
 And if I rightly guess, just bow assent ;
 I'm sure you came of a great family
 Clinging together round the parent tree—
 But, where you lived, as well I do not know,
 You may have come long miles above the snow ;
 Well, those were happy days for you I ween,
 With all your sisters dressed alike in green

Dancing for very joy, when summer's breeze
Came soft, and cool the family to please.
Perchance some robin had her strawy nest
Where you could fan in heat her russet breast,
Or hold above her young your parasol
To break the scalding rays while they were small ;
Or, am I wrong—perhaps you used to be
The highest leaf upon the family tree,
And every other could not see the sky,
Without the lofty glance of your proud eye ;
And then your humbler sisters down the stairs,
Rightly accused you of assuming airs :
Why hesitate so long? Have I not yet
Upon the true thread of your history hit?
Well, then it may be you were pleased to rock
Among the outer circle of the flock,
And hold contention with each sister leaf—
Sometimes, so sharply as to come to grief ;
As when the worrying winds would bring you near,
The slaps of your offense were heard quite clear.
Your life I do not know to clearly tell,
And I have found you dead since here you fell ;
Still, o'er you desolate, then let me guess
The many hardships of your sore distress.
Ah ! I remember when the plague came on
With frosty breath till every leaf was gone
From summer life—they faded on the trees,
And burials began with every breeze,
Or, when the air was still I've watched them fall
Solemnly, slowly, as a funeral call.

Thou wert not buried with thy race—lone leaf!
 Yet fastened to thy place past dying grief,
 Till this rude storm hath pelted thee away
 To drive thee lifeless all this cheerless day;
 Now, here in silence thou hast found a tomb
 Betwixt the snow and glass, of my warm room;
 And I imagine that your grave will be
 Under this window where I write of thee;
 How, in thy death after a life so brief—
 The truth grows new—we fade, all as the leaf.

1889.

HILLS, VALES, AND LAKES.

[Written for the Rutland County Historical Society, and read at their annual meeting August 6th, 1884, at Bomoseen Lake, Castleton, Vt.]

GOD loves the Hills! On Sinai's mount of old
 He stood with Moses wonders to unfold—
 And met Elijah on the Carmel height,
 Baal to baffle, and his foes to smite;
 Over Mount Zion poured his glory forth—
 The hill called beautiful and joy of earth.

I love your hills, which may not seem to be
 As dear as mine of Maine appear to me—
 Although I own that many to the eye,
 Many of mine in beauty may outvie;
 And pleasure oft my craving spirit thrills,
 To look aloft upon your county hills.

I love the hills when lifted grandly high
And rounded broadly like the o'erarching sky—
Their parts I love—the groves, and single trees,
Swinging their arms of welcome to the breeze.
The level ledges, and the boulders there,
Pelted by storms, and left so clean and bare—
The soft thick grassy covering—like a shawl,
Seen from the distance wrapped around them all.

Climbing these hills, I love the wide expanse
The eye sweeps over in its circling glance :
Wood-valleys near, which when looked down upon
Seem as green seas kissed by the summer's sun.
The fields lie off in patches more remote,
Where golden acres seem like waves to float,
Or the green corn dark-leaved so thickly grows,
Sending the tassels up to mark the rows ;
And the bright streams that in the lowlands lay
To wriggle out like serpents far away.

I love the vales deep down from sun, and breeze,
With rich variety, the mind to please ;
Heavy the shade, and cool the summer air,
How sweet to hie here, from the noonday glare.
Here, the great family of ferns is found,
FronDED in every shape, along the ground ;
The mossy knoll of green, and yielding plush
Where one may sit charmed by the timid thrush ;
The running brook with ever varying song,
The banks of which have boy paths all along,
And places where they creep with noiseless tread
To swing with gentle care the trout o'er head.


Linchens adorn the rocks, the logs and trees,
While vines of beauty cling, and climb o'er these :
God loves the valley as he loves the hills,
And so with pleasure all the places fills.

I love the lakes in broader valleys seen,
Washing the feet of hills they lie between ;
Swosh, Swosh, the waves repeat on rocky wall,
Or creep along the sands, with stiller fall—
Then, when the winds are down they cease to move,
And leave a mirror, for all things above ;
The trees lean over from the hillside eaves,
To see their beauty, and adjust their leaves ;
The clouds seem coming nearer gayly drest,
As if attracted by a lake at rest—
Sun, moon, and stars each from the lofty place
Dive far into the depth to bathe the face.

What wealth of pleasure in our earlier days,
We found within the lakelets sunny bays,
We knew the hidden rocks on which to climb,
From whence to throw the hook in summer time,
And when December would the lake congeal,
Pleasure was sweeter, on the ringing steel.
My lakes are many, from my hills that rise—
With full a dozen I could feast my eyes ;
And you have yours to which you love to go,
I have not known them—and I do not know
This Lake, and island, yet, I promise you
When I have known, I shall admire them too.

Christ loved the lakes—his chosen Galilee,
 How many pilgrims journey far to see ;
 From it he called the sturdy fishing band,
 To catch him men, all sinful on the land ;
 Its fish would bring to Peter if he choose—
 A piece of money to exact his dues,
 Or clog the net from the surrounding tide
 When he said—drop it from the other side ;
 It conscious knew him, when he stilled its roar
 And for his feet became a silvery floor.
 He owneth now the lakes, the vales, and hills,
 Thus 'tis his glory all our vision fills.

FLATTERED AND FOOLED.

 HE Devil came to a fair young man,
 And gently whispered—you “Can’t and you
 Can ;
 You can’t be robbed of your liberty—
 ’Tis surely a thing that must not be—
 You can act for yourself—you must be free !”
 Thus flattered and fooled, the young man said
 I shall go as I please, and I shan’t be led !
 These older ones, who would dictate me
 Have had their day, and their liberty ;
 And now, so shall I—yes, I will be free.
 It chanced one day that a glass of beer
 Came in his way from a friend most dear ;
 Now he had been taught the glass to shun,
 But the Devil’s thought through his young mind run

You must have your way, you can try just **one** ;
This was a twine in the Devil's hand
Of a mighty cord, the first slight strand—
So the boy felt manly, and went his way,
And, I Can and I Can't to himself did say—
I could take, or deny as I please this day.
After awhile with a jolly young band
He finds himself with a glass in hand ;
And the move is stronger than that of beer,
And he thinks for a moment with trembling fear
I can deny, but I won't try here.
Ah ! his brain is addled with this a mite,
And, he gets alone in his shameful plight ;
Then reasons thus, I can't, and I can !
I can't be bound and still be a man ;
I can let it alone any time I plan :
What is the use, since the boys all drink
For me like a coward away to slink ;
I must with the masses enjoy my fun,
And when I get older I'll let them run
If they think they must—but I will be done.
Come, John, come on ! Dick Jones and I,
Have agreed to treat the crowd on a sly—
And so it shall go with us, two by two
Till we take our turns and shall all get through
We have reckoned it up, and we must have you.
Well, I can and I can't—I must do as I please ;
If I now say I shan't you will trouble and tease—
You may reckon me one, but 'tis only a bother—
I'm awfully afraid it may get to my mother ;
We must keep very sly, and take care of each other.

Ah ! the three-fold cord in the Devil's hand
Is twisted now as himself hath planned ;
And the strong young man in his liberty
Begins to feel, I am not quite free—
There is something awful that's holding me ;
'Tis something awful ! he is firmly bound,
And led by the Devil around and around—
Away from the Bible, the Church and his God ;
To swagger, and shout in the deathway broad,
Till bloated he moves like a leprous clod ;
Lost to friends, though their pity stays—
Lost to himself from his old-time ways—
Lost to hope—and so lost in despair,
While Demons find him, and mock him there,
The once young man with a brow so fair.
Now the Devil's phrase has turned to a taunt
As he holds him bound, " You can and you can't,"
You can go with me this way so broad,
But you can't "inherit the kingdom of God"
My ends are answered—go under the sod.



THE SNARE.

NEAR to an opening made for air,
I saw a spider had woven his snare
With wisdom so cunning as if he knew
It would be a most natural thoroughfare
For the flies, and insects passing through—

'Twas a fine spun web around, all around—
The spokes with felloes securely bound,
And then from the outer rim were guys
Reaching all ways, and hitched I found,
Which held his rigging for catching flies ;

Some lines run up from this gauzy wheel
To a beam above, which did half conceal
The grizzly form of the aranea
As he watched from his lurking place for a meal—
Some game to see, or a buzz to hear ;

Presently through the window sash,
On hurrying wing with incautious dash
A poor fly came, and ere ever aware
He found for his folly, and daring rash,
Entanglement fast in a dreadful snare ;

Now hastening down from his perching place,
The grey old monster with haggard face
In an instant enfolds the silly thing,
And as if to lose it would bring disgrace
He stills its buzzing with deadly sting.

Like this spider—along life's thoroughfares,
Old Satan hath artfully laid his snares ;
And onward the reckless masses throng
Into his meshes, till unawares
They are seized, and held by the Demon strong.

"YOU WILL FOR ME."

A MAIDEN came, with flattering lips,
And rosy cheeks, and winsome smile,
To hold with blushing finger tips
The ruby wine a little while.

"I never drink," the young man spake ;
"You will a glass for my own sake,
A cheerless hour to beguile,"
She leaned and softly said.

And with that glass the devil went
To take the rein of human will ;
The charmer for him gained consent,
Now the fair youth must have his fill ;
He cares not if from rougher hands
Come harsher drinks for his demands.
'Tis easy going down this hill,
And soon the youth is dead.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

THERE is many a road to ruin—
But the sorriest way I'll show,
The one that needs no guideboard
But those who along it go ;
Look at the motley trampers
And the road you can but know.

At the head of the street it starts from,
It does not seem so bad—
The saloon is richly furnished,
And the boys are cleanly clad—
And the lord of the shining glasses
Has a smile for every lad.

But you go a little way, sir
And the boys have poorer clothes ;
And the light of the pipe discovers
A rum gleam on the nose—
Cigars they started out with,
But the money scarcer grows.

Go further over the journey !
And observe the passers here—
With cross-streets into the Broadway
For the holes of rum and beer.
And hovering near the corners,
The wives and children dear—

The ragged wives and children,
With their faces hunger-thin ;
Loved when father was sober,
Now, not so well as his gin—
Hovels, too, all about here
Have but want, and war within.


Pass on a little further,
Here is the journey's end—
Look ! what a mighty graveyard
For a father, son, and friend—

You knew their staggering footsteps
To this dreary place did tend—

And you need but wait a moment
To see a coffin come ;
Followed by want, and pity
Out of some wretched home ;
A father or son it may be,
Dead—and the cause is rum.




GEORGE HARVEY.

 GEORGE HARVEY I never knew, but I read
Somebody found him one day, dead,
Hatless and shoeless, a sad affair ;
And he pictured the man with brownish hair,
His face in the dust, on a New York pier ;
And some one related his past career—
His name he knew, and his age he told ;
George Harvey of Boston, forty years old—
He was well connected, the story run :
Of wealthy parents the favored son,
With a business gift in the way of trade,
A salesman for heavy firms he made ;
But he loved the drink, and within its power
He passed on downward, lower and lower,
His friends oft sought him to help him up
But he left them all for the cursed cup—
Became a tramp, and would stagger here
For his drunken stupor along this pier.

Sometimes the police would take a rope
To tie around him, and let him drop ;
But it did no good—the drench, or the fall—
He loved his drink, and he gave his all.
Fathers, your sons are beneath your care ;
Mothers, you brush back the dark brown hair
And look in the eyes of your noble boy
Who fills so fully the home with joy.
Will a story like this you have read above
Ever be told of the boy you love ?
It may be so, if you do not hate
The first few steps to the drunkard's fate :
Tell to your children—O parents tell—
The first dram drank is a step towards hell.



THE TALKING FROGS.

 CURIOUS race seem the frogs to be,
When I think of the words they talk to me ;
As I rode one day near a way-side bog—
Down hid in the grass was a saucy frog
With his mate akin, and their first salute
About my passing was this dispute—
Frog first said “one,” as if he knew,
But his mate disputed, and cried out “two ;”
And so they had it a little while
As I went on with a thinking smile,
Making both right, this way you see,
The last frog counted my horse and me.

But the best thing a poet ever heard
 The frogs to perform in deed, and word
 Was this I will tell ; in a nightly walk
 A drunkard came by where the frogs did talk,
 And one of them called his name out right—
 Yet, how could he see in a cloudy night?
 Zim Mon-n-n-k, Zim Mon-n-n-k he began to say,
 When another large frog a little away
 Took up the sentence the first had begun—
 Got dr-r-runk dr-r-runk, and this one done,
 A third old fellow though laughing some
 Bellowed the words—on r-r-rum on r-r-rum ;
 Well what do you think that drunkard said?
 Why, he thought the frogs were by Heaven led,
 And at that temperance meeting swore
 He would turn from his cups, and drink no more.

On farm wagon, May 1891.

HOME THRUSTS.

SOUL said to the body,
 “You like to take your toddy—”

Then body answered soul,
 “You help me tip the bowl—”

Soul again responded
 “You're drunker than a fool ;”

Body, sorely wounded
 Replied “I am your tool !”

Soul, now in a passion,
Trying to shirk the blame—

Says, "Men have no fashion
To ever name my name!"

"So, you can't deceive me"
Cried body with a roar!

"Get up, and get, and leave me,
And I will drink no more."

1891.



THE TEARFUL WAIF.

SAD was the face of the tiny waif,
With words of want in his tearful eyes
As he stood mid the shadows of night, and grief,
Under the light of the stars in the skies,
And the flash of windows, the moments brief.

What is the matter, my boy? was said;
Struck with his eager pitiful face—
Mother is sick, and my father is dead,
And nobody comes at all to our place
To see if we want any care, or bread!

And the cold creeps into the shattered pane—

And the chips are very few I can find ;
But mother has said we won't complain—

It is hard though, always to keep one's mind
When folks keep wanting a boy to explain.

Why did your father die so young ?

I am sure my lad you are not very old !
Well, mother has told me to keep my tongue,
And only say of a dreadful cold,
Which a terrible rain upon him flung.

Say, I have not told you, have I now ?

And if mother asks I can tell her so
If you should happen to find our street
And call at the poverty pit as you go
To bring us along there, something to eat ;

But don't tell mother a thing you know,

If she of your coming should ask you why !
Because, I know just what she will do,
Hiding her face, she will sob and cry !
You won't need that as my story is true.

I am not so young as I seem to be,

But starving so much has made me small !
And that is why mother is sick you see,
And so weak she cannot work at all—
O, the world's so dark for her, and me.


ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

On reading the closing paragraph of his first inaugural. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield, and patriotic grave to every living heart, and hearth stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the union, when again touched—as surely they will be by the better angels of our nature.

HE grows upon us as the years go by ;
Time cannot wear his name, or deeds away—
And all his words as heart-gems with us stay
As if they dropped divinely from the sky :
He shall be great as other years may die—
For honesty will live—nor bravery decay—
And “Charity for all ” will keep its way,
As history tells of h's far-seeing eye
That moved to prophecy his aching heart ;
Such times are breaking on us even now,
When brothers of one land we feel we are—
Our better nature, bringing souls apart,
Around our country's shrine to bow,
And mourn together, the sad wrecks of war.

GOUGH.

ON READING THE DEATH OF J. B. G.

 SHOUT ! ye distillers, and brewers ;
Shout, all ye sellers, and buyers !
He who hated that traffic of yours,
As he hated the thought of hell-fires—
Is dead—Gough is dead !

Laugh ! all ye drunkards, and drinkers,
That do not yet stagger and drop—
One of the great sober thinkers
On ways the rum traffic to stop,
Is dead ! Gough is dead !

Smile ! all ye young men, and lasses
As ye deck the saloons for your prey ;
And feather the dust from your glasses
That glitters by night, and by day,
Your dread—Gough is dead !

Mourn now, ye wives and ye mothers !
For this, that a leader is gone ;
Sisters, the friend of your brothers
For whom ye have mourning put on,
Is dead, Gough is dead !

Sigh, every temperance worker,
 The valliant whom age had not stopped—
 The busy one, never a shirker—
 From his sermon half uttered has dropped.
 For death—Gough is dead !

Lift up your shoulder young prophet,
 And ask for his mantle to come—
 On whom shall it fall, if he drop it,
 To fight, as he fought against rum?
 Now dead, Gough is dead !



GARFIELD.



OUR Garfield dead, and all the land in tears !
 We mourn him now, for what he was in worth,
 Stainless, and grand in history from birth ;
 The common people's friend—the pride of peers—
 His Christ like charity encircling all the earth ;
 Our ruler, lifted to his throne with cheers—
 And millions felt it would be well with all.

We mourn him then, for what he yet might do,
 With noble purposes, and conscience true—
 And taught of Heaven in matters great or small ;
 So high our hopes, so low their sudden fall :
 Still, let us pray that seed his hand did strew,
 Baptized with blood, may soon in hearts take root,
 Yielding the nation generous stores of fruit.

LONGFELLOW.

SONNETS.

Read for the C. L. S. C. at Castleton, Vt., Longfellow's evening, 1885.

WITH thee this changeful life is over now,
And Nature's resting place thy latest bed !
Yet only in thy flesh we deem thee dead—
The heart, the hand, the eye, and musing brow ;
Glorious thy life still stays, onward to flow
In silvery strains of song—a light to shed—
Tinged by thy spirit pure, o'er ways we tread.
Thou art not dead in magic verse we know :

And we will keep thee as thou wast with joy,
Regretful surely that thy harp is still,
So long attuned to every heart's great need—
Yet, cheered with hope that thou wilt find employ
In the good Father's Kingdom, where His will
Thy roving thoughts in higher tones may lead.

II

The years go by, the sad still years go by,
And leave to memory only many a name
That cannot die from out the book of fame ;
And, though slow centuries should backward fly
To bury myriads of the low, and high,

As do the years their share, 'tis all the same
With these, they safely hold through time their claim
To be remembered, that they cannot die ;
Homer and Virgil live in olden song—
Shakespeare and Milton walk among their books,
And, thōu of Portland, Cambridge, every place,
Art pouring still thy pure, sweet life along,
In words as pictures of thy soul's fair looks,
To those who have not seen thy thoughtfu face.

TWO SONNETS.

A SUNSET SCENE OF JAN. 14TH. 1888.

THE western slope of clouds and sky,
As I rode out through Casco Town
When the red sun had just gone down
Hung what a picture o'er my eye ;
While underneath the hills crept nigh
With snowy heads and sides of brown,
Mount Washington o'er all to frown,
Lifting his ponderous shape on high.

I said, O Clouds, ye seem to me
Like dust from off the streets of gold,
In piles along the vaulted blue
Filling my soul with ecstasy.
I could not Heaven's door behold,
Else might have thought the seeming true.

And now as twilight dusky grew,
The glorious crimson fading out,
Between the clouds scattered about
The narrow moon came edging through
My praise to take, how bright and new;
What then? By accident no doubt,
A wandering star slipt from its route,
And fell adown the expanse of blue.

I gazed surprised to find it stay,
Leaving its pathway all ablaze
With more than molten-silver light,
To brightly burn itself away
For moments, when in lasting rays
It slowly faded from the sight.



JOHN HOLDEN.

THE home-roofs lay aslant to the sun
Along a coast of the wide, deep sea,
And, leagues away there was bearing on,
A vessel with many an earnest one
Hoping to-morrow at home to be.

But now, with the night the clouds let slip
A mighty squall, and the wrathful waves
Whirl to a wreck the hurrying ship,
While the seamen save their lives with a grip
At the rigging, to look for the landward braves.

The life-boat tips o'er each frothy surge,
Till arms grow weary—then, up through the dark
The captain shouts, and he need not urge
The souls, who had thought of their funeral dirge,
Heard in the ropes of the foundering bark.

Now, pulling away through the awful night,
Long was the toil ; and, all were gone
But for the coasters, who built their light
So high, and clear, that a gleam shot bright,
Over which pathway they followed on.

Nearing the coast all safe from harm—
Joy in their faces, and joy on shore ;
Good John Holden, lifting his arm,
Peered in the boat with eyes so calm,
And said, hi ! hi ! and ye left no more ?

Ay, we left one man, who long delayed—
How could we tarry indeed, for one ?
The storm was fearful about o'erhead,
We dare not wait, or all would be dead—
We come exhausted, our work is done.

And you will go back ? John Holden said ;
But, no ! in the good man's face was hurled—
Then, down he fell on the sand, and prayed
To the Christ whom the winds, and waves obeyed,
And, who came from heaven to save one world.

Six sinewy men, when the prayer was done—
 Waited all ready the waves to try ;
John Holden stood as the foremost one,
And, his mother now saw her much loved son
 Hasting the 'venture to do, or die.

She, flinging her arms his neck around,
 Cried, what shall I do if you go from me ?
You know your father at sea was drowned—
And your brother William has not been found,
 Who sailed so long ago, out to sea.

Mother, said John, God bids me go !
 And, should I perish, as he is true
To his mercy great, and means, I know—
I can give you up, if it must be so—
 I dare to trust him, to care for you.

And, away they went in the lifeboat strong—
 The stalwart men, and the rescue made,
Climbing, and sinking the waves along,
Every one happy, with praise, and song,
 Bringing the saved one unafraid.

Hi ! hi ! John Holden—a voice was heard,
 Have you the man ? as they neared the coast—
Ay ! ay ! through the storm they caught his word
In trumpet tones, for his soul was stirred,
 And, my mother tell, he's the son she lost.

OUR YEARS.

EACH day that glides is but an onward pace—
Each year is as a mile along the road
That marks our journey from its starting place,
Through changeful scenes to where with meekened face
And tired feet, we drop life's heavy load.

How truthfully sublime the psalmist's words,
Soul sounds of sad experience of old ;
Yet, fitted for each living heart's deep chords,
True of the cotter poor and palace lords,—
“Our years are spent like as a tale that's told.”

Sometimes a story sweetly, smoothly flows,
And all its scenery such beauty hath,
That we are charmed ; and thus life's journey goes,
And all the months bloom as the choicest rose,
Sending a fragrance out along the path.

So we forget that life hath aught but sweet,
Our selfish hearts rejecting others' woe,
To haste with pleasure seeking eyes and feet,
Tripping along youth's paved and showy street,
With wealth of health, to keep the cheek aglow.

But soon we strike a desert-dreary-day,
When thorns and thistles pierce where'er we turn,
Troubles new-born benight the uneven way—
Our tears fall sadly, and we choking say,
The path was, O how bright, but now we mourn.

And well we may, for some dear kindly face
That hath companioned with us, now is missed
As a loved star from its accustomed place,
And memory through the dark with eager chase
Longs for the tender touch of lips once kissed.


And hands go out in vain grasping the air,
Where once they met the strong and willing palms,
Ready to lift us up each rugged stair,
Or brush the brow to smooth away our care,
Or take us to the love of rounded arms.

But they were tired, so let us bid them sleep,
And take the work to do which they laid down,
Deeming our loss their gain, and cease to weep,
Since He thought best who doth his chosen keep,
That they should stop, and wait to take the crown.

Our march is but a little farther on,
When we shall feel the fatal sting of pain ;
And find our places with the myriads gone,
Till rising with the glow of breaking morn,
Our loved and lost ones we shall meet again.


FAST ASLEEP.

TO MY BOY IN HIS CRADLE.

EAUTIFUL little creature,
Noiseless innocent sleep,
Holding each limb and feature,
Fast in the cradle deep ;
Forehead smooth as the marble,
Clustered with golden curls,
Eyes gently shutting out teardrops
Glistening very like pearls ;
Cheeks aglow and bedimpled,
Lips sweetly parted, rose red,
Pressed out of shape just a little,
By the fist doubled under the head ;
Dimpled again at the elbows,
One hand thrown over the breast,—
Thus lay the dear little sleeper
When I beheld him at rest.

1870.

AT TWENTY-ONE.

PULLED at his ears this morning,
As my father before me has done ;
Creeping slyly behind his children,
On the birthday of daughter, or son.
I pulled the ears this morning
Of my boy, who is twenty-one.


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A sadness creeps through my spirit,
As he crosses this threshold o'er,
And Time for his life that is coming
Swings open his manhood's door ;
While with tears I review his pathway,
And dread what may come before.
Ah ! me, when his feet were shorter,
And the curls hung about his head,
We guarded their pathway from danger—
My hand and a hand that is dead ;
And laughed at the acts of his childhood,
With the many smart things that he said.
His years are all running before me,
And another hath taken her share,
To watch the swift months in their going,
As we thought of his absence with care ;
For school-days are fraught with temptation,
And need to be followed with prayer.
We surrender our power to hold them,
The boys, when they reach twenty-one,
They feel that life's day is beginning,
We, that life's afternoon has begun.
The brilliance of noon is before them,
We look to the low setting sun.
We walk the still paths of the graveyard,
And linger by many a mound ;
Death's shadow now falleth behind them,
Before us his presence is found.
Their mates, hand in hand, are about them,
Ours—many are under the ground.

O God of the earth and the ages,
 To whom all the future is known,
 Leave not a young man independent,
 To climb life's hard hillsides alone ;
 Leave not his dear heart to the tempter,
 Who only much evil hath sown.
 O God of the earth and the ages,
 Swing inward the far shining door
 For the eye that is searching the future,
 To choose out a pathway before.
 Bring his feet from all ways time may open,
 To walk where earth's ills come no more.

Eleventh day of the eleventh month, 1890.

THE BROKEN NEST.

 NEST aslant in yonder tree !
 With edges torn by wind and storm,
 Once full of fledglings fed, and warm,
 What saddening thoughts you bring to me.
 I cannot tell where ye have fled,
 Or how ye fare where ye have gone ;
 But, gazing on this place forlorn
 I whisper thus ye may be dead !
 How like old home, O broken nest,
 You seem to me, with all away,
 And many dear ones from it lay
 With rooted turf above the breast ;
 But joy into my grief has come—
 My flock shall find another home.

THE KNITTING WORK.

IT lay away in the closet dark,
Till the months rolled off to years ;
Moved sometimes with a fond remark,
As the voice would choke, and the ear would hark—
And the eyes grow moist with tears.

Where are the hands that left it so—
Half finished as feeble they grew?
Ah, let me tell since I sadly know,
Moveless, we folded them long ago,
And they lie in the darkness too.

Half knit, the stocking was laid away—
And the ball was broken and gone—
Half lived by her was life's changeful day,
When its thread was cut, and she could not stay,
And how many were left to mourn.

Some one may finish the waiting hose,
Finding new yarn for the same ;
Some One her life will begin at its close—
Breaking the bed of her silent repose,
And many will call her sweet name.

March 25th, 1882.

LIFE'S UNCERTAINTY.



S I felt the shuttle flying—
And the weaver seemed to say,
I must stretch the web of life along
Through another toilsome day ;

Toward the beam my eyes went glancing,
For a guess at what remained ;
But a curtain hung before my gaze,
Thus nothing was explained :

Then I said to Time, the weaver,
Tell me truly for how long
Shall the thread of life be flying,
And the fabric seem so strong—

But the worker whispered softly,
Know I this no more than you—
All the future hideth from us,
Only now, have I in view ;

I must fling each day the moments,
That make up of life the sum ;
And another cuts the web away,
Oft quickly from the thrum :

His name is Death—I knew him,
When a weaver in my prime ;
And his fateful shears still follow me,
Though I am called Old Time.

GONE BEFORE.

I WALKED in the valley of sorrow,
With tearful and low-bending eyes ;
Each day had its gloomy to-morrow,
And the cliffs were repeating my cries
As they went—in such mournful replies—

When a whisper, low, out of the meadow,
Swept up to my unthinking ear,
And followed along like a shadow,
Repeating, “the Lord hath been here.”
Then I looked where it sounded so near ;

And I saw there the print of a footstep
On a crushed, yet a blood-crimsoned thorn,
And a tear like a pearl hung above it
From a leaf where the stranger had gone ;—
These I saw, and was gazing upon,—

When the whisper came up, this revealing,
That the path I was treading in grief,
Had been trod by the friend, who, all-healing,
Had come for the mourner’s relief,
And had suffered for sinners the chief.

What a fragrance I found in this valley !
What strength entered into my frame !
How my burden of cold melancholy
Rolled off at the sound of his name,
And the thought, **THROUGH THIS VALLEY HE CAME!**

And I said, if his grave be just yonder,
 I know it is empty and still,
 For in gladness he burst it asunder,
 Far in heaven his office to fill,
 And to execute for me his will.

Then what comfort came over my spirit
 As I thought, if I too must lie down,
 I shall rise at his call, through his merit,
 From this valley to find me a crown,
 And a joy that all sorrow will drown.



THE UNANSWERED KNOCK.

Loitering one day in the Spring of 1890 to view the wonderful granite wall of a Raymond cemetery, and coming near the tomb, the strange freak struck me to knock upon its iron door; I did so, and the following lines were written on the fly leaf of my hymn book, as I mused away:—

I KNOCKED on the door of a tomb,
 And all was but silence within—
 Save the echo I heard in the gloom,
 Which died where the dead long had been.


No face stirred to look in my face—
 As a hand might swing open the door!
 No sleeper aroused from his place—
 No footfall was heard on the floor!

I knew here was one just asleep—
That the days had been few since he came ;
But his slumber was thoughtless, and deep—
Long dead, and just dead were the same.

Then I mused on the theories of men—
That when dead, we pass up to the skies ;
And I said, here man's knowledge has been,
In these deaf ears, and slumbering eyes.

Then came the plain words of Isaiah
That "the dead shall awaken, and sing ;"
And, what the wise man did declare,
Of the dead, "that they know not a thing."

MORNING.

WEET morning looked from the Eastern skies
Across the hills with commanding eyes,
And I saw them out of the dark arise.

Then the valleys from deeper sleep were stirred
With things of life that the call had heard,
And the air grew vocal with many a bird.

Above the gardens she breathed soft air,
And the sleepy flowers that nestled there
Out of the dew came, new and fair.

The cattle gazed through the yard's high gate,
As they seemed for the milking man to wait,
With half concern that he might be late.


I chanced in my ramble a grove to pass,
On noiseless feet, o'er the soft, moist grass,
And the leaves were shining above like glass.

Just over the wall was a graveyard bed,
With sleepers all quiet, long cold and dead—
"Your morning is coming sometime," I said.



THE BROKEN ROOF.

Passing an old home in Casco during a windy storm, its
forlorn appearance awoke the following thoughts:

HE house neglected stood, all friends were gone !
And wintry winds seemed sporting o'er its fate,
Piling the snow its breaking roofs upon,
And round the lonesome front a barrier great.
Alas, poor ruin doomed ! with none to lift
Thy sinking rafters to their wonted place,
Or, quickly beat away the heightening drift—
Then from the window look with cheerful face.

Say, three decades ago, or more—what time
Here toiled, and ate, and slept a varied flock?
Parents were strong, and joyous in their prime,
Nor knew as yet the harm of trouble's shock.
Here, rocked they one by one, the jewels lent,
And planned their sport at early eventide ;
Then later watched them with a sweet content,
Around the chimney playing seek and hide ;
And here, cold death with unrelenting hand
Pressed the dear pulses of some living joy !
Spoiling the pleasure of the happy band,
With stealth of merry girl, or sporting boy.

And, here perchance have lovers wooed, and won !
Thinning the ranks with parting grief and glee,
Till time the children scattered one by one,
Like branches broken from the parent tree.
Adversities chill shadow must have come,
Slowly or suddenly—unwelcome sprite—
Falling in darkness o'er this old-time home,
To scatter all away, and banish light.

And I self chosen scribe, am glad to be
So tender where my kin have never dwelt,
As to pour forth in brief this elergy,
Which those who loved the spot departing felt ;
Go on old time ! thy work will soon be o'er !
The reckless wind will help with unseen hands
To crush the falling frame to sinking floor,
And all to earth where now it trembling stands.

VICTORY.


AN aged saint who lay with speechless tongue,
Where death stood ready for the final stroke,
Was asked by one who for the Savior spoke,
If he was fearful, or to what he clung?
He seized a pencil from his things among,
And tried to write as if new life awoke ;
Once and again, his strength to weakness broke,
Yet not for failure—Every nerve now strung,
He makes with all his power the letter *V*.
And then in triumph, *I* and *C*, he cast ;
“ Ah ! ” said the minister, “ I know it now—
‘ Thanks be to God who gives the victory. ’ ”
The pilgrim smiled assent—all fear was passed,
As if the crown already touched his brow.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

THEY wandered both, each on a different way,
Though both as children near together trod
With guileless hearts, and said their prayers to God—
By mothers taught, when evening closed the day.
Now these old faces are beneath the sod,
And the grown boys from broken homes astray.
Both have had favor, both affliction's rod,
But one is sinful, and one loves to pray.

To the vain-hearted thus I said : " My friend,
I have a mission, and 'tis this, to ask
Unto what portal do your steps attend,
And what reward at length for life's great task
Do you expect?" His answer came : " My goal's the
grave,
And all that I expect in life I have."
He yet may change, my sad soul prays for this.
But now I talked with him whose heart is right,
Who after childhood hid from heavenly light,
And in earth's darkness went awhile amiss ;
Yet turned again with tears, and fixed his sight
Upon the eternal home of life and bliss.
I asked him also, arm in arm one night,
To tell me plainly of that hope of his.
He stood, and looked upon the evening star,
Which never seemed to make itself so grand—
And said, " Beyond, where all God's glories are,
My hopes are fastened to a better land ;
And though disease and death may intervene,
They are but as this glance the star between."

HEARING OF PARDON.

"  GIVE me some bread," cried a rebel scout,
As he seized the rein of a Union steed ;
Long had he tramped the woods about,
Now only bold from his urgent need.

A wasted face, and his sunken eyes—
As he stood in his tattered uniform,
Holding his musket coward-wise,
Touched the federal heart so warm.

“Go to the village,” the soldier said,
“A little yonder, and get some food.”
“What! a rebel deserter ask for bread?
I dare not since I have understood,


From federal pickets, no man can come
Into their ranks o’er the Union lines;
And I a deserter would die at home,
But fear to the forest my feet confines.”

Up spake the Union soldier then—
“The war is over, and there is peace!
Lee has surrendered, with all his men,
And Lincoln as quickly has pardoned these.”

“The war is over! and can it be?”
He said as he flung his musket down,
With a cry of joy like a captive free,
And hurried away to his native town.


Rebels are we from the grace of God,
Starving while yet we may freely come:
For peace is proclaimed all the earth abroad,
How sweet to believe, and then go home.

IN TIME OF NEED.

HE stars are waiting in the sky,
While day is o'er us sunny bright,
Since, but the darkness on the eye
Can draw from heaven their cheering light.
And, we forget each busy day,
With hearts so clinging to the sod,
These lamps to light our nightly way,
Kept burning by a favoring God.

So, in that book from wisdom's hand,
How many promises await !
Till in the dark we understand
Their beauty and their worth, how great.
Amid the shades of mortal pain,
Or, when for ours life's day is done,
What gems that always there remain,
Flash on our vision one by one.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

OMETIME, I cannot tell for true
The season when the joy will come ;
But sometime, and it seemeth soon,
I shall have gained the scenes of home—
Street, Palace, Park, and friends I love ;
But best of all the Christ I serve.
SOMEWHERE I better know the place,
Than the good time when it shall be ;
Somewhere on earth all lovely then,
The king will stoop to welcome me ;
And what faith's eye can dimly trace,
Will burst all glorious on my face.

THE ETERNAL PROTECTION.

UNDERNEATH me are the arms
Of my everlasting Father.
How they press me, how they gather,
While his love my being charms ;
Underneath, and folded round me—
I am free from all alarms,
Since my heavenly Father found me
With his everlasting arms.

Underneath me are his arms—
O, how strong for my protection,
How far-reaching in affection,
Snatching me from all that harms.
I am tended, fed, so kindly,
For his hands are with his arms ;
I am led when walking blindly,
Through the storms to holy calms.

I will trust my Father's arms,
Sick, I know he knows my leaning,
Prayers unsaid, he sees their meaning,
And extends his open palms ;
Dying, still his eye will seek me,
While he bringeth soothing balms ;
And, I know death cannot keep me
From my Father's loving arms.

THE ANGELS NEAR US.

IF the angels drop through the spaces wide
To visit our fallen home,
With hearts of mercy have they not sighed
O'er the scenes of grief as they roam?
Loitering oft from their noiseless tread,
Perhaps in some lonely room,
Where the light burns low by a sick child's bed,
And the mother alone doth come;

What can they do but breathe their peace,
And whisper of mortal's woe,
And afar from heaven let pleasure cease
For the sorrow that reigns below.
Do they think of the time in the future years
When the woes of the world shall end,
And out of this sorrowing valley of tears
The sick, and the sad shall ascend?

If the angels glide through the spaces wide,
To watch o'er our mortal lot,
How near they have been when our dear ones died,
And were laid in the burying spot.
They have seen us bend o'er the marble brow
To kiss it the last good-bye,
And they know that our hearts are sorrowing now
O'er the graves that around us lie.

Do they think of the time when the Lord of Hosts
With a blast that shall shiver the air,
Will send them searching all seas and coasts,
And the lands spread everywhere?
That happy myriads, with sorrow gone,
And the death-dust left away,
May be borne by them with the rising morn
To the new and eternal day.

IF FAITH AND HOPE WERE DEAD.

BANISH faith, the great joy-bringer,
From the earth a little while ;
Banish hope, the sweet heart-singer,
How the world would lose its smile ;
Boding doubt, and fear, and madness,
Every bosom sink in sadness.

What a lonesome world were ours,
All around, yea, all around,
Cheered not with its green or flowers
Climbing high or on the ground.
Oh, with all the trees and flowers,
What a lonesome world were ours.

Every wind a wailing spirit,
Here unseen would fret the ears ;
Song, or sermon, who could hear it,
Solemn as a sea of tears ;
While the waves on every shore
Sigh, as moans the windy roar.

Yea, what grief in every river,
Slow or swift to onward flow,
Sobbing if to creep, to shiver,
If to leap and fall below ;
Black and hungry for the living,
To the tide their bodies giving.

Hopeless world with no relief,
Not a voice to soothe thy pain ;
Where bold death, the heartless chief,
Leadeth on his funeral train,
To the place where hopeless moans
Drop above the buried bones.

Neighbor calls to ask his neighbor,
"What is life to you and me ?
Birth in sorrow, years of labor,
Awful death, then cease to be,
Earth into her dark to take us,
Where no call shall ever wake us."

But, with faith, the great joy bringer,
Here in earth a little while,
And with hope, the sweet heart-singer,
Every face can wear a smile ;
For beyond our years of sadness,
These do find a world of gladness.

GRACE.

GOD'S grace is free as the flowing air,
Which we by faith have access to ;
Wherein we stand, and his name declare,
Rejoicing the glory of heaven to view.

Grace to keep us, O power so strong !
The devil trembles before the face
Of Him, who moves through the world along,
Covered, and kept with abundant grace.

Grace enough for our sorest need—
We can smile with this under pangs of pain,
And face bold Death on his rough-hoofed steed,
Who rideth over his millions slain.

Grace in the grave 'neath the mossy stones—
All unforgotten though ages slide ;
The hairs all numbered, with flesh and bones,
Yet out of the restin place to glide.

Grace, free grace, sufficient for thee,—
Grace to-day is the name of the throne ;
And because of grace is our heaven-sent plea—
“ By grace through faith.” we are saved alone.

SPACES.

THE sky and earth seem far apart,
Yet they so near together lie,
That sky-gleams o'er the landscape dart,
And hills are ladders to the sky.

The years before us stretch away
In measured journeys one by one ;
But as they pass we turn and say,
Time is an age with spaces gone.

The day that dear one died, and now—
How long the distance seems between !
And memory fails to hold the brow
As clearly as it last was seen ;

But, if we wait, shall come to naught
What hangs between the depth, and height ;
The past shall to the front be brought,
And darkness haste to meet the light ;

While memory, blinded by delay,
Shall dawn to clearest sight at last,
When our lost glories in a day
Leap from the chasm of the past.

And other joys we never tried,
The endless future shall unfold,
With every wish so satisfied
In pleasures new, mixed with the old.

And in perpetual friendliness,
The years of time shall be forgot ;
And spaces of our sore distress
All lost as though we had them not.



DUST ON MY GLASSES.

LOOKING about my room one day
As sitting down to write awhile,
I said in my accustomed way
What thought shall now this hour beguile?

When quickly by misshapen things,
So indistinct before my sight—
The muse this thought upon me flings,
Of dust upon your glasses write.

Well, surely somewhat may be said
Thought I, on such a theme as this !
For, everywhere I turn my head
All objects seem to be amiss.

The fault is mine—on other days
It hath not been to me the same—
I see the fault is in my gaze,
And I alone must bear the blame ;

The table has no crooked legs—
Nor are the chairs half cut away—
The ceiling is not filled with pegs—
My paper is not white, and gray—

The clothes that hang upon the rack
Are clean, although they seem so soiled ;
The one that washed them is not slack,
Thus, all things by my specs are spoiled.

Well, well ! again this fact I learn,
Defects in others, we surmise
To fill our minds with deep concern—
When all the blame is near our eyes.

I wipe my glasses off, and then
How changed the room appears to me—
The malformed objects that had been,
Have taken better shape I see ;

So, should we learn not to despise
The seeming faults that may appear,
Till we ourselves, have cleaned our eyes
To look at folks with vision clear.

LIFE'S COMMON WAYS.

THE ways our fathers trod we too must thread,
Their ups, and downs, and sometimes desert roads—
If choosing others, such we may not tread,
They leave their tracks, and all their heavy loads
Fall on our backs, regardless of our dread.

They met with poverty, we share the same ;
Earth yields to us through labor as to them.
We meet with praise from some, from others blame,
They passed not onward with a spotless fame,
The Evil, evil love, the good condemn.

They had their sicknesses, the fever burned—
Consumption wasted, and a thousand ills
Pressed sorely on them, wheresoe'r they turned,
These were their valleys dim, and rugged hills ;
And we, the same dark ways have sadly learned.

They had their graves, the places where they wept,
And where the lines of care on cheek and brow
Grew daily deeper over those that slept,
And silent chambers in the soul they kept
In memory of the lost, as we keep now.

But they had hope that after life's rough day,
Their hills and valleys left afar behind—
The Calvary Friend would meet them in the way,
And stretching forth his loving hand would say,
Thrice welcome ye, a better world to find.

So we expect beyond life's common round,
Earth's pilgrimages done, and Jondan crossed,
Our feet may press the walks of garden ground,
Led by the Rightful King all glory crowned,
Happy with those we once have had and lost.



"IF HE WOULD COME!"

IF He would come, the fairer of the fairest,
How would His face our longing eyes rejoice;
If He would come, who spake with words the rarest
That ever rang on earth, with sweetest voice—

If He would come, who holdeth life a treasure
For all the holy dead, who wait his time;
Abundant in its happiness, and measure—
All, like his own, eternal, and sublime—

If He would come, who came as Satan's master,
To drive him hence, and rid the earth of sin,
How would our shouts extol the glad disaster—
If He would come, and soon his reign begin.

We tire of sore defeat, with Him far from us,
After each struggle in our fallen state—
Hope only keeps us fastened to his promise—
That he will come, and all things new create.

All earthly kingdoms mock our expectation,
Misrule, and bloodshed keep our praises dumb;
If He would plant his throne for every nation
For praise—our prayer would cease, "Thy kingdom
come."

Beneath His feet, I know all earth would gladden,
Beneath His smile, the wastes rise into bloom—
Under His sway no more could sorrow sadden,
Nor tyrant Death demand a dreary tomb.

Aye ! then on hills, and in the glades elysian,
What troops of angels would delight to move,
Who hold themselves aloof from mortal vision,
Yet yearn to take us to their arms of love !

If He would come what faith hath failed discerning,
And hope hath never grasped to make her sing,
Will be revealed—O, for our Lord's returning,
That He all goodness to our world may bring.

ANOTHER DAY.



WLD Earth, we know, shall have another day ;
Her trembling age—if good the voice of Truth—
Shall, by the help of Heaven, pass away,
And she take on again the strength of youth ;
We hear her groans along the dying years,
As she hath shed, like Autumn skies, her tears.

But, Earth, take heart, thou shalt be young again,
And doff thy robes of mourning with a smile ;
Glad to forget all weariness and pain,
And know they come not back the endless while ;
The trees shall clap their hands for very joy,
That sin and death can never more destroy.

Where are thy graveyards? Emptied of their prey :
Where are thy tears? Dried by a hand divine :
Where are thy sorrows? They all went away
When graves were spoiled, and saints arose to shine ;
The hills re-echo now, as these, one throng,
Rehearse their victories the plains along.

Spring now, ye flowers, for winters never come :
Be not afraid, O sky, of stormy clouds :
Mothers, your babes are safely all at home,
And looms are weaving here no coffin shrouds :
Yonder is lifted high a kingly throne,
And Christ is there, with all the earth his own.

Where is the king that was? in black attire—

Where are the host that marshalled at his word?
Perished forever in the lake of fire ;

And naught but praise from any tongue is heard.
O Earth, take heart, thou shalt be new again !
Thousands of voices cry for this—Amen.



THE AGE TO COME.

THERE yet shall rise an orb with all its parts
Completer than the ages back have known ;
A glimpse by faith of which how many hearts
Has raptured glory lit from Heaven's throne,
And now with joy my earth-worn spirit starts.

Are these the olden skies, with purer blue?
Is this the other earth, with fairer face?
Hath the old story, told so long, come true?
That the lost glory Heaven would replace—
Dropped in a sentence " I make all things new."

Are these the flowers not to know a frost?
And tints majestic that no blight can reach?
Is this the Eden that our Adam lost—
Surpassing all the praise of golden speech,
The gain for what the pain of Calvary cost?


Are these the patriarchs, and these the seers—
Sons of the Orient from their moss-grown caves?
Come there, the martyrs, once of blood and tears,
But made all glorious from their fiery graves;
Harvest, how great, of grace, for stormy years.

And here are faces that were hid from me,—
And voices that were silent, O so long,
Smiling in peace, from every danger free,
And singing sweetly 'mid the countless throng—
'Twere more than half a heaven mine own to see.

But it will take the years of that fair home
To find its glories, and express them all;
I only long amid its scenes to roam,
And view its treasures rare, or great, or small—
Knowing to end such joy no curse can come.




WHAT HAS BEEN MAY BE AGAIN.

ARTH, under the eye of its Maker,
Though under a lifeless sea,
Heard the voice of God's spirit calling,
And came by itself to be.

As new mornings flashed above it,
Leading the first days forth,
It grew into wondrous beauty,
And was finished, a fair, new earth.

It was blest by the lips of the Maker,
When fit for the purest of men.
And heavenly feet walked upon it ;
And what has been, may be again.

AN ENDLESS SUMMER-TIME.

 SUMMER of life is coming
When this winter of death is gone,
And a song of joy I am humming,
For the birth of that summer-land morn.

A summer of birds, and flowers,
When old frosty time goes by,
And I sing for the birds in the bowers,
As I trust that the time draweth nigh.

A summer of smiles is nearing,
For the winter so drear, of tears ;
And I sing for my own heart's cheering,
Of the end of the sorrowful years.

A summer of bliss with the parted,
As the winter of graves is no more ;
Not a sigh that shall say weary-hearted,
From a lip on the summer-land shore.

'Tis for all who are living to gain it,
For Christ is the sun of that sky ;
In His light we can press to attain it—
The summer-land drawing so nigh.

“ALL THINGS NEW.”

WORLD-WIDE has been the ruin now for ages,
Because of sin, by disobedience born ;
And sky, and earth, and sea have felt the woe,
But faith has brought man hope, and peering through,
He sees the darkness lifting, and the health of heaven
Spread like a garb of light o'er all below.

These rugged places made by earth's upheavals,
Become new fashioned for man's foot and eye ;
Because 'tis said, "See, I make all things new !"
And trees in rich variety, weighted with fruit,
With fields that ask no help to make them grow,
And flowers everywhere in varying hue.


The heavens garnished over with new light,
Lose angry clouds, left all behind with time ;
For God had said, "See, I make all things new !"
A seven-fold splendor flashes o'er the sky,
Yet softer brilliancy the sun takes on
As the old light comes back which God withdrew.

New beings cover now the all-glowing earth,
Happy as angels, and with life as long ;
Because 'twas said, "See, I make all things new !"
They have the beauty of the world's great king—
All taint of former ills forever gone,
As they have nothing more with sin to do.

The New Jerusalem shall be earth's city then,
Bright capital of all the round domain ;
When God as he has said makes "all things new !"
Gold, pearls, and every sort of precious stone,
Are there for beauty, strength, and joy,—
A mingled glory evermore to view.

New laws go forth from out the central throne,
Placed now to stay in brightness, peace and love ;
For God hath said, "See, I make all things new !"
The harmony of heaven is now world-wide—
And that sweet prophecy, so long a prayer,
"Thy will be done in earth," is here come true.

NOT YET.

HE days go by and earthly suns still set,
And the cold stars shine down into our night ;
That face of faces brightens earth not yet,
With a new dawn of never-ending light.

And so, the same old ills creation fret,
The curse still clinging with relentless hold ;
The great Joy-Bringer brings his joy not yet,
Sickness is on us, and our graves are cold.


Storms are in all our skies, hoarse winds beget,
And nature trembles as the floods alarm ;
The promised calm of ages comes not yet,
The dirge is mingled with the holiest psalm.

Men earnest to behold the day of days
Have studied long, and many dates have met,
But years move on in their appointed ways,
To turn with just rebuke and say "Not yet."

God's clock is hid, that strikes the hour of doom,
But omens rise, he bids us not forget ;
And so we watch and cry, "There still is room,
Haste to the shelter while he comes not yet."

But he will come, some morn, or noon, or night
Jesus thus waits with expectation sweet.
Then, all the earth will glow with heavenly light,
As myriads worship at his kingly feet.

QUESTIONS.

F death to life is but the gate,
Why come we thence with faltering feet ;
That weary stop, and seem to wait
Unready for the golden street ?

And why in languor close the eyes,
As the last sickness wastes the frame ?
So near the fields of Paradise,
One would suspect them all aflame !

Why sinks the voice from vigorous tone,
To broken whispers, short, and slow,
So soon to shout before the throne,
Where the faint talker hastes to go ?

Why dieth sound upon the ear—
Even the tones of sweetest love,
If it be just prepared to hear
The noise of multitudes above ?

Why fainter beat the pulses all,
As ebbs, and cools the channelled tide ?
Why every power of being fall,
If but an hour the worlds divide ?

What other being waits to take
 Such dying life from senseless clay?
 What other eyes than these can wake
 To visions of immortal day?

Is life self organized, and blest
 With other faculties of sense,
 That it may lay its flesh to rest,
 And pass through death as perfect, hence?

Was Jesus wrong, and sainted Paul,
 In making the sweet goal perfection,
 For beings good, the great, and small,
 The happy hour of resurrection?

Why not then say, they only sleep!
 Leaving their life in Jesus' trust?
 He surely all his own will keep,
 Till death dies from them in the dust—

- So, swings the gate to paradise,
 At Jesus's voice—by Jesus's hand,
 And victors—Saints from death arise;
 How long shall we not understand?

NOTHING IMMORTAL UNDER THESE SKIES.

Dr. Parker of London, says:—"Don't expect too much from earth! This acre of which Death has taken a lease for all time, is not spacious enough to grow fruits on which immortality can feed."

THERE is never a leaf on the trees, but it fades ;
There is never a rose, but it dies ;
There is death on the hills, there is death in the glades ;
There is nothing immortal under these skies.

So, we cherish with hands that grow weary and fall
Like the sweet things they care for and prize ;
Ah ! here nothing will last, there is death doom for all ;
There is nothing immortal under these skies.

The ocean is old, though it goes not away,
And the rocks may not wasting disguise,
Nature has not one thing that can laugh at decay ;
There is nothing immortal under these skies.

We cling to dear hands with the strength of our heart,
And love findeth love in dear eyes ;
Yet, here are no pathways but dying will part ;
There is nothing immortal under these skies.

But the boon is in store, and a voice shall be heard,
For God is not deaf to our cries ;
We wait, and earth waits for the life-giving word,
To sound forth in grandeur under these skies.

Then the hills shall rejoice, and the valleys be glad,
When our Lord shall with glory baptize,
And lift up the earth from her ruin so sad,
And chase all the shadows from under these skies.

O, we joy in the thought that the promise is sure
Of God's purpose and plan seen so wise,
That "creation itself" with the good shall endure
Forever immortal, all under these skies.



LIFE'S VALUE.

LOOK up ! poor sod-worm, turn thine ear—
I have some words for thee most sweet,
The Savior left that you might hear ;
They are—" The life is more than meat."

How much you strive, how much you delve !
And day by day, the round repeat ;
To lay up treasure for yourself—
But 'tis " the life is more than meat."

What shall it profit if attained—
This world whereon poor mortals beat ?
If life be lost, with all that's gained—
Ah, sir ! " the life is more than meat."

See ! other lands more fair than these
 Invite your earthworn, tired feet ;
And you may gain them, if you please
 To count this life as " more than meat."

Brief is the day, O son of toil !
 Pile treasure where no rust can eat !
" Nor thief approach " to gain thy spoil ;
 And know that " life is more than meat."

THE LIFE WILL TELL.

Plato, being told that he had an enemy who spoke ill of him, said, " I will live in such a manner that none will believe him."


HE would go forth before the world,
 So honest in his dealing,
That should the tale abroad be hurled
 That he in trade is stealing,
His present and his future days,
 Should counteract the feeling.

He would so nicely guard his word
 In all his conversation,
That should report abroad be heard—
 He is false in declaration,
His neighbors all to duty stirred,
 Would rise in their vexation.

He would so mild and cheerful be,
And even in his spirit,
That all with whom he meets might see
He something doth inherit,
Which helpeth nature wondrously,
Insulted, thus to bear it.

As a good book, when studied well,
Our interest engages,
Aye, so a good man's life we tell
With all its open pages.
Such lives, the devil cannot sell,
And that is why he rages.

SEEKING FOR A MAN.

ELL, once an old philosopher
With a lantern in his hand,
Went searching in the day-time,
All up and down the land—

Of course the crowd was round him,
Both in his rear, and van ;
And pressed from him this object,
I'm searching for a man.

The titled Greeks unnoticed,
He passed—this famous clan—
Still, searching with his candle—
Hoping to find a man.

I trust at length he found him,
Unheralded no doubt—
Honest, and true, in all ways;
Then blew his candle out.

This lesson is suggestive !
Not all who move in fame,
Are men, because of titles
That hang about the name ;

Ye are not sure that justice
Will follow an esquire,
Or, that he will promote the peace,
The good so much admire !

And now, as in old story,
I would suggest the plan,
That you would take a lantern
Before you praise a man.

:O:

OUR BUSY DEVIL.

O idle, settled sprite is mister Devil,
Although his throne may be the seat of evil.
So it is written—and we have no doubt
That “like a roaring lion he goeth about ;”
With lightening speed, methinks he makes his beat,
Or round the country, or in city’s street,
Gliding meanwhile through many a merchant’s shop,
He doth short measures, and false balance drop.
Places for drink, where many buy and sell
Are but his taverns on the road to hell.
In courts, below where scales of justice poise—
He rules for power, and pleads with lying noise ;
And, oft among the twelve, he crushes hope
By bribing Judas, truth, and right to stop.
Look to yourselves, some will be crying out,
As I the devil chase thus all about ;
Alas ! you do not catch me unawares !
He softly climbeth over pulpit stairs,
And counterfeits the truth, or keeps it back—
For either work, he has a pious knack.
He hates the Christ, and will whene’r he can
Make preachers, preach him only as a man.
He hates his coming, so he keeps them dumb,
Or helps them lie in saying he has come—
He hates his kingdom, being wise to know
The reign of Christ at once will his o’erthrow—

And so he substitutes, for some who preach
False views of truth, to put into their speech—
He gets into the pews—he goes to church—
You never catch the devil in a lurch—
He gets into the pews with cloak of pride—
He gets into the pews, saints to divide—
He gets into the pews with amorous eyes ;
And pulpits too—shall we this fact disguise ?
He starts, no doubt, the fairs and church levees,
Church dancing, whist, and all the pious spees ;
He goeth everywhere, 'twill take too long
For us to follow out his every course in wrong.
What shall we do to check him all about ?
Right where we are begin to cast him out !
One Name he trembles at ! meet him with this,
And in this name we may abide in peace.



YOUR MISSION.

THERE'S a wanderer waiting somewhere,
Weary of world-wide sin—
And never one spake of the heavenly door,
Who asked him to enter in ;
Or whispered the name of Jesus
To put a charm in his heart ;
It may be if you should find him,
For the holy home he would start.

There's a weary and fainting spirit,
Worn with a world-wide pain—
And nobody's hand has the merit
For chafing the long-fevered brain ;
It may be if you should find him,
And now you must search, and be quick—
To tell him of lands that are coming,
“ Where none ever say I am sick.”

For this his poor heart might grow firmer,
And his eye kindle fire to see
Sure places for hope's waiting anchor—
What a joy then for him and for thee.
Ah ! the leaves of life's tree are for healing,
And often though far from its shade,—
We may fancy its virtue comes stealing
Through souls that in sorrow have laid.

There are eyes that have tears in their beauty,
And they know but one way that is trod—
You know the fair path of our duty
That leads to the mansions of God ;
Go whisper such words as are needful,
And push thus the tear-drops away—
Twill be glorious to guide up the strangers
To the portals of soon-coming day.

I am thinking our soul's sweetest pleasure,
 'Mid the throngs of the after-time—
 Surpassing the skies, or the landscape,
 Or the songs of the holier clime,
 Will be to find with the saved ones
 Some one we took by the hand,
 And told them back in earth's darkness
 The way to a happier land.



HOW TO TEACH.

WHAT if a child should sit upon your knee,
 With earnest face in yours to ask for knowledge,
 And you had never learned, perhaps, to be
 Wise to explain as one who comes from college.

What if this child should ask how God made man,
 For mamma told her he was God's creation.
 "Out of the dust," would you not say, nor plan
 A puzzle with some higher explanation?"

Then what if she should ask, "What makes man die?"
 How easy come the words you are beginning,—
 "In hearing and obeying Satan's lie,
 'Unto the dust he must return' for sinning."

Then she might ask if man will live some more,
As well she could after a brief reflection,
How nice to say, "God will the man restore
To life and being by the resurrection."

And now I see her eyes wide open set,
To ask of that big word—what is the meaning?
And as you strive to tell, your eyes get wet,
While hers with wonder have increased their beaming.

You say, "You know we put your mamma down
Into the grave, and had to come and leave her;
And Mr. Jones, the sexton of the town,
Buried her up." You will not here deceive her.

"Now mamma," you continue, honest hearted,
"Shall from her grave again to us arise—
To you, my darling," and the tears have started
Of joy, with sorrow mingled in her eyes.


So truth is easy, and it comfort gives;
Tell it to children when they ask for knowledge,
Just how the Bible says man dies and lives,
Nor wait to ask some man that comes from college.

GENESIS.

BOOK of the earth's beginning ! born from eternal
night—
Christened with dews of morning, and wrapped in garments
of light,
Bedecked with green spreading carpets, tasselled all o'er
with trees,
The foliage and fruitage perfect, cradled in every breeze—
Book of the brilliant heavens ! with sun, and moon, and
star—
Silent rulers of day and night, regarding the world from
afar—
Book of uneasy waters, that filled all the depth below
With their varied tribes of living shapes, onmoving to and
fro !
Book of the feathered songsters ! and birds of heavier
wing—
Book of the beasts, and cattle ! and “ every creeping
thing ”—
Book of the first man living in the likeness of his God !
The king of all else about him, that wandered o'er sand,
or sod ;
Formed of the dust beneath him, yet filled with his maker's
breath,
Roaming his paradise dwelling with never a dream of
death ;
Feasting his eyes on beauty, his lips on the choicest meat
Blushing within the foliage outspread o'er the garden
street ;

Book of the beautiful woman that sprang from man's sleeping side !
Made as "an help meet for him," and brought as an angel-bride.
Born of his bone, he loved her, and flesh of his flesh, as Heaven
Circled the two they worshipped, Him who such pleasure had given.
Closed was the work of creation, and wide over sea, and the earth,
The Designer, and Maker of all things, with joy on the whole looked forth
To behold what was made in beauty, all alive in the happiest mood ;
So He spake, the All-Perfect, His blessing, and "called everything very good."
Then, was the Sabbath of ages, when God from his labor had stayed,
In the hallowed day that He rested from all He created, and made.

EARTH'S GLOOMIEST DAY.


OME near, O Sun with thy remembering ray,
And picture for my ear earth's gloomiest day !
Earth's gloomiest day—Ah ! could you hear me tell
Of that dark noon, when such a horror fell,
That I my face withdrew from off the scene,
And night her mantle threw amazed between.

I rose to look across fair Palestine
 Where I had played so oft with tree and vine.
 And chased the shade over the hills, and sea—
 Then left my brightness on her Galilee ;
 As o'er Jerusalem I fixed my glance,
 I saw a Roman horseman's quick advance—
 And mitred priests long-robed in conclave met,
 Low talking through their teeth in anger set ;
 Pilate their governor making haste for home
 To meet his wife beneath the palace dome
 With wringing hands, and palor on her brow,
 To say to her 'tis done—though faultless now.

* * * * *

Nine o'clock, and all is ready—
 Cross, and spikes, and carnifex ;
 Now ye soldiers brave, and steady,
 Take the limb that each selects !
 Lay Him here with nice precision,
 And extended keep his arms ;
 Let us not incur derision
 Through mishap, or heart-alarms !
 Place ye now the feet, and palms.
 Nine o'clock ! The word is given—
 See, the heavy hammer swings !
 Blow on blow, the nails are driven
 Severing muscles into strings ;
 There upraise the cross for standing—
 Down its place now let it fall !
 Hear we still the guide commanding—
 Make it fast with wedge and maul,
 So, well done, thanks ! that is all.

WAYWARD PETER.

HRICE had he said, I know him not !
With oaths to make denial strong ;
He, who for Christ so lately, fought
To guard him from the impious throng.

O, wayward Peter ! first to come,
Leaving thy all to follow him ;
And, first to speak, when all were dumb—
To see, when other eyes were dim.

Thou knewest well, from whence he came !
And spake the heaven-revealed word
When others named some prophet's name,
"Thou art the Christ, the Son of God."

And, thou hadst seen his glory burn
Like Moses's bush, on Tabor's height !
And, all his earthly raiment, turn
To dazzling hues, with heavenly light.

Thou too, hadst on the broken sea,
All tempest-tossed, while sore dismayed ;
Beheld him walk the waves to thee,
And heard his voice, "Be not afraid."

And, now, with hell's black hour broke,
While meek submission chains his soul
To bear for man sin's withering stroke,
As clouds of wrath around him roll—


Thou, faithless midst the accusing clan,
With all his God-like acts forgot ;
When told, " thou too, wast with the man !"
Dost cursing say, " I know him not."

Ah ! then thy glance met other eyes,
And oh ! the pity of that look ;
What love, and grief, if not surprise—
Piercing the heart with sore rebuke.

Thy tears fell fast, and we forgive,
As Christ arisen, thy sin forgave ;
Thy joy was full, to see him live—
His joy was full, the lost to save.



FOR OUR PROFIT.

E must not say God hurts us,
Designing thus to do,
Just for the sake of plaguing us,
Without an end in view ;
So, we shall feel much better,
If we can understand
That love is in each trial hid,
Sent by a father's hand.

Sometimes, it may be well to say,
I am a little light—
A flicker to help show the way
Along in earth's dark night ;
Now, lamps get roughly handled,
And trimmed well, o'er and o'er ;
But all this usage is, that they
May shine for others more.

Sometimes, it may be well to say
I am a little vine ;
Yet, not to think some day ye may
High on the trellis twine—
But, rather be your thought like this,
Himself who owns the root,
Cares not for branches fair, and high,
He only wants the fruit ;

And thus we better bear the knife,
That leaves awhile its smart—
Put forth that we may be prepared,
With pride of self to part :
And then, whatever ill may come ;
We say, if God be there,
We trust him always, waiting dumb,
Beneath his love, and care.


It may be well enough to ask
What did God want of me ?
Rough metal from earth's deep deile—
What value could he see ?

Say this, it may be gold he saw,
 I in his hand will stay,
 Though furnace heat may burn ~~my flesh~~
 To take the dross away.

He wanted me, I know he did !
 Now, to his hand I cling,
 Whatever course he takes with me
 It shall submission bring ;
 The good of each affliction sore
 I may not understand
 Till I come up to take the crown,
 All shining from his hand.



HEAVENLY PASTURES.

 HERE are the pastures green and large
 That blest the sight of David's eyes?
 What shepherd keeps untiring charge,
 With food and rest in full supplies?

This shepherd knew with fondest care
 The needs of his dependent flock—
 Of grassy patches sweet and rare,
 Of shade beneath the o'erhanging rock.

Of waters where long stillness slept
 Above the banks that near them rose,
 Only as murmuring music crept
 To charm his sheep to deep repose.

Of dark ravines where danger's path
Led to the wilderness away,
O'er which the wolf with hungry wrath,
Might seize a careless lamb astray.


So well he knew a higher love
Had sent the Heavenly Shepherd forth
Over the vales and hills to rove,
Guarding his flock in all the earth.

What time they faint he findeth food ;
What time they tire he giveth rest ;
If evil lurks in solitude,
They hear his hasting feet in quest.


And when the path to fairer lands
Each through the shadowy valley takes,
Holding sweet comfort in his hands,
The Shepherd not one lamb forsakes.

He wants his flock for endless years
In pastures under sunnier skies,
Where he can brush all cause for fears
With the last tear-drop from their eyes.

"I KNOW MY SHEEP."

 WANDER in earth's pasture parched, and old,
And mountain winds at times, beat roughly down—
While Satan's wolves my ways in anger hound
As if without a shepherd, or a fold.
They make mistake who think so—I am told,
The great, good Shepherd knoweth all his sheep,
And maketh it his care his own to keep.
What though sometimes the season may be cold?
My homesick bleatings sounding in his ear—
Then, all unseen, he cometh unto me,
Yet not unknown as now he bendeth near,
To whisper for my comfort what shall be,—
Broad pastures green, by waters still and clear;
A fold, where I his gathered ones may see.

"IT SHALL BE PREACHED."

 T "shall be preached"—so said the kingly Prophet—
"This gospel of the kingdom," through all lands;
Heralds must rise, and join to tell the story,
In swift obedience to the high commands.

“ It shall be preached—this gospel of the kingdom ; ”
Never have lips had sweeter news to tell—
A shining realm ; immortal hosts, all happy ;
And He who ruleth doing all things well.

“ It shall be preached—this gospel of the kingdom , ”
While tottering thrones from earthly bases fall :
The shout shall ring, Behold ! a throne eternal
Ariseth for our world, beyond them all !

It shall be preached aloud, with blessed nearness,
By men whose faces glow with holy light :
As thickening signs proclaim, it cometh quickly,
Like flashing morn over the hills of night.

“ In all the world ”—as Witnesses, strong Voices
Shall signal to the nations joy and gloom ;
And then, though many wish the King to tarry,
He will not—the appointed end must come.



THE RETURNING KING.



HAVE come out a long way over the road
To meet the return of a king !
I have watched for the door of his high abode
To open and outward swing ;
Because of his words he left with men,
I have looked so long, for his coming again.


I have thought of the East, I have thought of the
West,

And watched, as life's hill I did climb !
For, none like this king doth my soul interest,
High over the mountains of time ;
I have never forgot what he said to men—
“ If I go away, I will come again.”

I have lifted my dear ones down to sleep,
And said, as grief's fount did break,
And my tears were spilled that I then did weep—
If he comes not, they never will wake ;
But I thought of the promise he once did give,
“ Because I live, ye shall also live.”

I have turned down the way towards the valley,
And the shadows fall darkly below !
But therein though my steps may not dally,
I must watch for the heavenly glow—
For as often the lightning gleams over me—
He said, “ so also my coming shall be.”


A GLANCE PROPHETIC.

HE moving earthly kingdoms, through the ages,
Have filled the vision of prophetic sages—
Golden Chaldea, with all her added splendor,
To Persian rule, and Median, must surrender—

This double power, to fill prophetic story,
Must yield to Grecia, all her strength, and glory ;
So, Grecian valor, world-wide, and at home,
Shall sheath the sword, and give the hilt to Rome ;
With iron will, Rome over-rides all things,
And smiles to smite with death, the prince of kings ;
Then, millions of his followers rob of life,
Through bloody centuries of awful strife.
Great Milton cried aloud of these in verse,
In what bold lines, I will in part rehearse—
“Avenge ! O Lord thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Even them, who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks, and stones.”
And, after this, the statue stands complete—
Head, breast, sides, legs with brittle, clayey feet ;
All kingdoms well embodied in this plan,
And, seen at once in the metallic man ;
Then, swiftly, as alone from mountain hurled,
A mighty stone, falls down to smite the world ;
The rotten basis of earth’s kingdoms all,
Is ground to powder—they in ruin fall—
And He, the long rejected—breaking Stone,
Plants in their place, for all the earth, his throne ;
And, every promised joy to man is given,
As now, God’s will is done, in earth and heaven.

“LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.”

Luke 21: 28.

 YE ! more than a glance we should cast at the sky,
If we heed our dear Savior's command—
When the day of redemption foretold draweth nigh,
And, all ready to meet him we stand.

A glance may be well, many omens to see ;
But, the thoughts of the head, and the heart
Should be fixed on the glory, so quickly to be
Breaking wide the far heavens apart.

Only one world is engrossing the gaze,
And the nod, to the mammon of gain—
Blind to the future, no token can raise
Men's eyes to what long shall remain.


The mind full of joy, from the hope of release—
The heart, full of love for the king,
Forgetteth earth's strife, for the valleys of peace,
Which the day of redemption will bring.

So, the head is uplifted from all things below,
And, the eyes growing sick of decay,
Have marked the events come to pass, which may show
We have passed our last miles on the way.

Uplifted, to hark for the shout of that Voice
That shall shake down the tombs of all years,
And bring the dear dead—all the good, to rejoice,
From the valley of shadows, and tears.

Uplifted, for home—the gates to be flung—
Angel-faces to flash on our own—
The song of creation redeemed, to be sung.
To the king, who has taken earth's throne.


MUSINGS.

 SHALL I behold the One who died for me—
Gaze in the depth of those long-loving eyes,
And search his face with wondrous surprise.

Lost in the sense so sweet, 'tis He, 'tis He?
The child of Bethlehem—of Calvary
The man—The dead of Joseph's tomb,
Who left eternal life as its perfume,
And brought away the resurrection key.

I shall behold him, when the weary years
Have poured their fill of sorrows o'er all lands,
And the sick Earth is lifting up her hands
To pray him down to end her cause for tears ;
He shall appear to calm away our fears—
That holy sleepers from their dust may wake,
And sky, and earth unfailing beauty take ;
The joy long-awaited-for, foretold by seers.

RESTITUTION.

E shall be sent again—Earth's promised King,
And all invested power to reign will bring :
His royal feet the waiting soil shall tread,
O'er which he bore the cross whereon he bled.

A loyal throng, world-wide, with lifted hands,
Shout, "Live forever ! take Thy just demands !"
All-willing now to see his strength displayed,
That Satan's realm his own fair world be made.


See the vast armies of the Rebel fall,
As his black brow his own defeats recall :
Inglorious victim ! who hath victor been
Only through slaughter of his weapon, sin.

Go out, go down ! sink in oblivion's sea,—
This orb, so long thy pride, shall now be free ;
And graves of all the centuries give birth
To hosts immortal, who shall hold the Earth !

Jesus shall bless the vales, and bless the hills,
Till Heaven's glory all creation fills ;
His throne the centre of that city stands,—
The shining capital of all the lands.

All things are new again ! The Second Man
His empire with immortals hath began :
They fear no fall,—Probation's day is past :
The tried and faithful ones, are safe at last.

TIME'S EVENING HOURS.

E know by many a token,
Evening creeps along the sky—
And, the words by Jesus spoken—
Tell, the midnight hour is nigh ;
The early hours, seem going fast—
But midnight-hour, will be the last.

There will be no more delaying ;
What a blessed thing to know !
For his coming I am praying—
To the marriage I must go ;
But, if the early hours go past,
Shall I have oil enough to last ?


Ah ! I have thought this over,
And, what folly it would be,
When the blessed Bridegroom-lover
Shall come down for you, and me—
To have the waiting hours gone past,
And, not have oil enough to last.

So, my lamp shall be kept ready !
And, with other oil beside,
I will watch till midnight, steady !
Jesus' coming for his bride ;
Then, I will rise, and follow fast—
With light, and oil enough to last.

I must watch, and wait till midnight !
Though the hour I may not know ;
But by many a feeble, flick'ring light,
That will fainter, fainter grow ;
And, as the darkness deepens fast,
Have oil, to trim my lamp to last.

TRANSITION.

“In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.”—PAUL.

NE moment in life's business here and there,
And sorely burdened with its cankering care ;
One moment, pinched with want, and knowing not
Where needed food and raiment may be got ;
One moment, blinded with a mourner's tears,
And sadly counting the slow march of years ;
One moment, slighted, and reproached with words
That rend with grief the heart's most tender chords ;
One moment, wasting with some slow disease,
Heart-sick and hopeless, naught of earth can please ;
One moment, poring o'er the sacred book,
Faith-led and hope-inspired beyond to look ;
One moment, singing, in prophetic strains,
Of grove-crowned hills and fruitful, flowery plains ;
One moment, at the throne of mercy bending,
With earnest supplication Heaven ascending,
Closed with “Our Father” as the prayer begun,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will on earth be done ;”

One moment, with our dead, among the dead,
The earth all lifted from the lowly bed ;
The long procession stands with teary faces,
While thought seeks out the many-sleeping-places ;
One moment, with uncovered heads to wait,
Then, loitering feet turn towards the grave-yard gate.
An instant more, and what a change appears,
Stopping the wheel of all earth's mortal years—
A moment—" in the twinkling of an eye "
The dead are living, who long since did die ;
And living saints, with all corruption gone,
Feel thrilling immortality put on—
O, moment, filled with most ecstatic joy !
The mother finds again the long-lost boy.
In sweet companionship the saints arise
To meet the Saviour in the breaking skies,
And doubts that plagued us in the misty past,
Give place to shoutings—" We are saved at last ! "
Toil, care and tears, and want are all forgot ;
Disease, and cold neglect now, harrass not ;
And all that faith hath seen, or hope embraced,
We know is coming—by this early taste ;
And in the face of Christ we now behold
The rich inheritance, he will unfold.
Entrancing thought—One moment, here in time—
The next—where all is heavenly and sublime.

AT LAST AT HOME.

Psalm xlv.



SONG of loves

My heart a fountain moves ;
That I may speak with ready tongue the things
Which I have made touching the best of kings,
Of all the sons of men adored, most fair ;
Grace through his lips is poured, a wondrous share :
Thy God therefore,
Hath blessed thee evermore.

Gird thou thy sword
Upon thy thigh, O Lord !
And in thy majesty ride prosperously forth,
For meekness, righteousness, and truth in earth.
Thine arrows in the heart most sharp shall be
Whereby thine enemies fall under thee—
Thy right hand brings
Thy foes the dreaded things.

O God ; thy God
Hath sent thy fame abroad,
The sceptre of thy kingdom being right—
Thy throne forever standeth a delight ;
Above thy fellow kings, as once appointed,
With oil of gladness he hath thee anointed—
For love of right,
And hate of wrong, this might.

O, Bridegroom King—
So rich in everything ;
Thy garments scented from all chalices,
Brought forth from out the ivory palaces,
Of costly cassia, myrrh, and aloes had,
Whereby to deck thee they have made thee glad ;
Kings' daughters there—
Are thine attendants fair.

At thy right hand
The Queen in gold doth stand,
Charged to forget the people once her own—
Her father's house, for him who has the throne—
So shall the King her beauty much desire,
He is her Lord—and she shall him admire—
So favored now,
The rich to thee would bow.

And it is told—
With raiment of wrought gold,
She shall be brought to him—this happy bride,
O'er carpets richly spreading, far and wide,
With shouts of glad escort, the way will ring
Into the festive palace of the King :
At last at home—
The marriage feast has come.

KING DEATH.

KING Death may boast throughout his realm
His power to hurl all others down,
The brave in war to overwhelm,
To lift from kingly heads the crown.

Thus looking o'er his vast estate,
No earthly Lord such prestige hath ;
So many subjects, small and great,
With costly lands long ruled by Death.

Mark those who pass beneath his sway
Have naught but peace with him—with all ;
His presence makes the quiet day,
And stillness reigns with evening's fall.

His palaces are marble made,
Or granite built, and barred with care ;
Near their foundations rings the spade,
Where many lowlier dwellings are.

He glides all ways, silent and grim,
While loud his enemies complain ;
Yet thousands daily work for him,
At awful loss, to make his gain.

And, but for One, who broke control,
And sent his claim the world around,
Death might reign on from pole to pole,
Sinking his vaults in every ground.

This claim has spoiled Death's far design,
Since it shall happen in a day,
That out of heaven that form shall shine—
That from his kingdom broke away.

And if he shout, and sure he will,
Defeated Death, himself will die ;
And from his empire long so still,
Millions shall send the victor's cry.

Nor, will he cease who calls his own—
Till earth shall be a realm of life ;
With the last tyrant overthrown,
One song of joy shall end the strife.



RESURGEMUS.

HAY me away, when I am surely dead,
Into my place of waiting. Shall I care
For tear-drops falling on my clammy cheeks,
Before the casket-lid comes darkly down ?
Or whether flowers bestrew the sod above me ?
Will the worm disturb my rest ; or the hand
Of rough corruption make me a bit afraid ?
Or, let the fiery glow swiftly my frame
Incinerate—or, sink it in the deep so low
That sightless fishes may my flesh devour—
Will any maw of sure decay destroy me ?
No ; nor shall I mark my fate from death
Till resurrection ; not the farewell kiss

Shall I remember in the lowly dark ;
 Nor fight the mode of my disintegration :
 But, what concerns me most is this I tell ;
 So to commit my ways, in faith and hope
 To Him who leaves one not in mazy doubt
 Of a high destiny beyond the wasting tomb.
 This is my boast : though Nature keeps all dumb—
 And reason blindly halts—and science laughs—
 And half-believing men berate the body,
 Heaven's book lights up the distant ages,
 And foretells a deathless world. Christ crieth
 Yet, Give back. Then unseen atoms in, or earth,
 Or sea shall nestle into form of bone
 And sinew, flesh and skin—ears hear again—
 And eyes relume ! Old memory takes her thread
 For fondest recollections—we are ourselves
 Once more, like Him who gave this being—
 Death dies for victims ! WE forever live.



DEATH'S VICTOR.

DOTH He who waited at Nain's outer portal
 With anxious eye,
 To catch the grief of that poor mourning mortal
 As she came nigh—
 Then rouse her son with a few words he said,
 Still watch all mothers as they mourn their dead ?


Doth He who spake with words of hope so cheering
 For one who slept—
 Who, by his grave at length, calmly appearing,
 With sisters wept,
 Then raised the brother to allay their grief,
 Still yearn to give all sisters such relief?

Doth He who at the ruler's house of weeping,
 To still their cries,
 Bent o'er the damsel in her breathless sleeping
 With "Maid, arise!"—
 Holding her little hand to lift her up,
 Still whisper to all parents thoughts of hope?

Yes ! yes ! nothing in all that upper home,
 I dare to say—
 Can keep our Jesus, when his hour has come
 To haste away ;
 And all the angels will their pinions spread,
 To view his triumph as he wakes the dead.



"THEY SHALL HEAR HIS VOICE."

LEEP sweetly comes to the aged sire,
 And the grandma nods in her easy-chair ;
 But the feet of the stamping boys—
 Will rouse them with the noise.

The baby, rocked on her mother's breast,
Quietly lays in the cradle-nest ;
But a little careless sound,
And baby her eyes hath found.

The household all, when the night shades fall,
Buried away by the bedroom's wall,
Mock the dead for awhile,
But morning brings the smile.


A year away from this happy home,
And over the threshold again you come ;
The sunshine drops on the entry floor,
But the shadow is heavy behind the door.

Grandpa has found a longer sleep,
And grandma, too, in the cold-bed deep ;
They wouldn't awake that day,
Before they were put away.

And baby closed her eyes and slept,
Then the mother pressed her form and wept ;
But baby wouldn't awake,
Not for the mother's sake.

Ah ! vainly all is our earthly call,
When the death-sleep comes to the great and small ;
But Jesus his call shall give,
And the dead will hear and live.

A SIMILE.

 HAVE heard of a wearied regiment
In their blankets wrapped around,
Distant from barrack, and house and tent,
And, sleeping along the ground.

The clouds came over the silent men,
To scatter the feathery snow ;
All night it fell, and it buried them,
In rows of white mounds below.

“ Let the reveille sound,” a leader said,
Over these seeming graves ;
“ And each will leap from his silent bed,
For a regiment of braves.”

And now as the rattling call pours forth,
They arise where adown they fell,
As if they brake from the very earth,
And the call is answered well.

Thus shall it be when the night of time,
With its storms, away shall roll,
And the angel stands for his blast sublime
That shall ring from pole to pole.

The dust from the dust new form shall take,
As the millions quickly arise ;
And just where they fell will the surface break,
With the joy of life in their eyes.

SO MUCH.



Y ! resurrection means so much !
The grand uplifting of the form—
By virtue of a heavenly touch,
Each atom, into life to warm.

It means—the flash of eye, in eye,
What instant life is there renewed ;
With joy that graves are all passed by,
And ages of their solitude—

It means all this—that Christ was true,
In word, and act as we believe ;
And, they who saw what he could do—
Whom, no false story did deceive.

It means eternal life and bliss
For all who hold the seal of worth ;
A dwelling place where Jesus is,
When he shall reign upon the earth.

It means so much ! O, who can take
Through earthly sense—the glory in !
We can but know when we awake,
What, for the good—the word doth mean.

But, none may stay in death, and dust—
“ His voice ” shall every one, reveal ;
The just shall live, and the unjust,
In shame, their awful loss shall feel.

ABOVE ALL.

I LOOKED into the Heavens afar, so far,
And fleecy clouds seemed huddled round the
dome—

A space of blue, however, held a star,
Alone to glitter in the cave-like home.

Gold, blue, and white, in contrast lay—
Each color, seemed intent, each to outdo—
O, nearer clouds, and sky so far away !
I said, my first loud praise be unto you.

But, as I gazed—the star with twinkling eye,
Kept looking brighter at me through such rays—
I said, the clouds are grand, and grand the sky !
But, you sweet star, receive the louder praise.


So, when the white robed millions, round about
The shining throne, with angel hosts shall stand ;
And every victor over sin, shall shout—
As palms shall wave in each exultant hand.

It will be glorious, glorious ! these to see,
No mortal eyes the sight may look upon !
Yet, round about the throne a space will be,
Where, sits in kingly grace, the Holy One.

Look, all on him ! He, was the crucified,
He hath redeemed us for the eternal joy !
Angels, their faces at his glory hide,
And, all to praise him now their tongues employ.

An evening gaze, December, 1885.


LINES FOR MY MARY.

O you remember the little cook,
With nothing but pleasure in her look—
Kneading, and rolling her piece of dough
That you had given her, you know?
Not content till she baked the same,
Passing it round in her own dear name ;

Do you remember the little flat,
And the no-backed chair whereon it sat?
With the smoothing-board her papa made—
And the wrinkled pieces about it laid,
With dolly's clothes—a pile of care
For the little hands to iron there.

Out of her resting-place, by and by,
Where she went when she had to die—
Just as tall, yea, and just as old,
You may the darling again enfold ;
You will remember her—she will thee !
Glad with each other forever to be.

"I AM GOING, RAIN OR SHINE."

LLIE MAY, my little daughter,
Asked her mother on a day,
All about the new earth country—
And if she should go that way.

Then, as if its many beauties
Did her own dear heart incline,
She remarked with firm decision—
"I am going, rain or shine."

Ah ! methought the way we journey
Was well pictured by the child ;
For how many days are stormy,
And how few are wholly mild.

Whirling gusts of earthly trial—
These at times the spirit chill ;
But in Christ, with self-denial,
We remain uninjured still.


Clouds of doubt, and misty sadness ;
Fogs that hide each future scene ;
Tears that fall like summer showers,
Yet with rainbow light between—

When the pathway seemeth brighter,
And our faith and hope in store,
Threads the devious stretch, and tells us
We are nearer than before,—

Then I think of kingdom-glories,
And my motto is this line—
Which to me hath been a sermon :
“ I am going, rain or shine.”

EARLY GONE.

An only daughter, aged six.

 GRASP for what I cannot reach,
Too distant far the treasure lies,
And silence mocks my wooing speech,
And hungry grow my searching eyes.

O empty arms ! that cannot feel,
And press upon my aching heart
The form of her I loved so well,
And clung to when we fell apart.

No other voice that music holds
Which thrilled my being night or day ;
Her “ Papa ” in my memory rolls—
“ I want you here—stay with me, stay ! ”

'Tis said that women mourn—the weak ;
Men should be brave, to manhood true ;
So speak, yet tears are on my cheek,
And mothers, I will mourn with you.

And there are fathers I have known,
Whose store of grief they could not keep—
So "Jesus wept" above his own—
And I to lose my own must weep.

And yet 'tis not a hopeless grief—
We shall our darling find some day ;
The parting may be only brief—
To meet again, will be to stay.



"O FOR A WELL TUNED HARP."

Said to be the last words of Samuel Rutherford.

FROM afar o'er earth's hills, and its valleys,
He had wished as he journeyed along—
And, meanwhile oft listened in silence,
For a strain of the great New Song ;

Now, now, on the verge of the glory—
With only a grave's width between ;
His heart feels a new inspiration,
From all that by faith he has seen.


So, the world has gone back into darkness,
 As he lendeth his hearing, to hear
 The seraphs who come to earth's borders
 Sometimes, for a mortal's dull ear.

Some vision—some sweet apprehension—
 Makes this saint, although dying, to cry,
 For a harp well attuned to the music
 That rings through Death's valley, so nigh.

From the nap that in peace he now taketh,
 He shall waken with joy, by and by ;
 And, the harp that he longed for when dying,
 Well attuned for life's song he shall try

For, the life of this saint is not ended,
 Night, and Day—Death but keepeth apart
 Jesus comes ! and the chain shall be mended,
 For the heart that was linked with his heart.

A LESSON.

 HE arching sky is an open book—
 And the clouds are the leaves turned under,
 The stars are the letters whereon we look
 While the lines are traced with wonder—
 And this is the lesson we plainly learn—
 The old, and the new—one story ;
 That God is beyond where eyes discern,
 And “The Heavens declare his glory.”

SMILES.

SMILES are the ripples of the hearts high seas,
Stirred by love's gentle, or an angry breeze ;

And smiles affect us—be they false or true !
As they affect the ones they ripple through.

A vacant smile, is like the viewless air,
That falls upon us, and we do not care.

The smiles of hatred are so cold, and thin,
The lips retreat ashamed, and leave a grin.

The smile affected, like the painted face,
Destroys the beauty of its native grace.

A smile of bitterness, the lips compress—
How quickly known, from that of tenderness ;

Pride, sometimes smiles, but reason little cares
For all her vain pretense, with simpering airs.

There is true beauty in an infant's smile—
It hath no chilling touch of inward guile.

The smiles of dying saints have oft been given,
As if they answered back a smile from heaven.


The smile of pity, one may quickly trace—
A tear-drop, often meets it on the face.

There is no heaven in a miser's smile,
'Tis iron hard, and brazen as his pile !

The smile, of victory born, is from the eye,
Flashing above the brow, with color high.

Love has her smiles, and every time, they call
Others from out the heart, on which they fall.

OUR MOTHER.

E mourn and must !
That she who gave us life, and on her breast
Nourished and soothed our infant forms to rest,
Calling us each in turn her fairest, best,
Now sleeps in dust.

She seemed our all—
No star along the heavens shone half as bright
O'er us within our fold, night after night,
As her calm face all full of love and light—
When we were small.

It was her care,
To watch with anxious eyes our truant feet—
To frame reproof with words and accents sweet,
Or, if perchance some trial we did meet,
Our grief to share.

O ! childhood days—
Nor time, nor change on memory's tablet blurr
The unselfish acts of love that did occur,
Which linked our very being close to her,
In all her ways.

I see her now,
As when she moved about the queen of home !
Content with our content, when she had come
To ask on wintry nights if we were warm,
And kiss the brow.

The table spread—
Along the circling row when seated there,
Her love would flow to reach her hand of care—
That each with frugal means might have the share
Of daily bread.

Dear folded hands,
Within the casket hidden from our sight !
Dear careful eyes, now closed in death's dark night !
Dear silent heart always in love with right,
And God's commands !

Hope, asks how long,
'Till He who loved thee too, shall from the skies
Send out the shout that bids his own arise—
Knitting again for us these sundered ties,
Endless and strong ?

Make haste ! make haste !
The Spoiler is too bold, and eager to destroy—
Love is no barrier—he regards no joy ;
Disease, and death are swift in his employ—
Why all this waste ?

Mother, and home—
The sweetest earth-born words that mortals know !
So missed, and mourned for when they have to go,
Thou wilt, O Christ ! these treasures re-bestow
When thou shalt come.

After our loss.

EYES.



POIL in the fairest face the lovliest eyes—

Then, looking, you their worth would quickly
prize.

The servant watches well his Master's eyes,

By these, he best his Master's nature tries.

An eye that twinkles like a winter's star,

Beware of ! it awaketh up for war.

An eye that wanders in its orbit round,

Betrays that roving feet are on the ground.

Who hath an over bold, and staring eye,

Will tell a solid truth, or downright lie.

Small eyes though lacking much, if made to laugh,

In laughing, change our judgment more than half.

I love the eyes that carry souls about,

Beside the images, they get without ;

Such, have a tear for us in our distress,

And move the heart to solace, and to bless.

O, eyes that I have had—I miss them so,

What journeys I would take to see them glow !

The hardest thing that ever mortal did,


Was this ; to close some eyes with death-set lid—

The sweetest thought that can a being thrill,


Is, old-time love again, these eyes will fill.

June 17, 1884.

PONDY POLAND.

 IX ponds—or lakelets, in more modern phrase
Our town contains to meet the travelers gaze
And one we boast—much larger than them all
On other towns, lets western waters fall ;
With ten square miles to bathe in, near at hand ;
We should keep clean, who live upon the land.

POLAND SPRING.

 HAT large supplies of water everywhere !
God called the earth from water first, we
sing—
Then left the moving blessing, grand and fair,—
In oceans, seas, lakes, rivers, and this spring.

The “blood is life”—so saith the Holy Book—
To still its tides, alas ! would bring but death ;
So, earth hath larger veins, of spring, and brook—
Her blood—her life, moved by her Maker’s breath.

Should oceans lay them down in quiet sleep,
And, all the waters, world-wide, cease to flow ;
Destruction sore, creation through would creep,
And, chaos come again, as long ago.

All flesh, on living drink grows glad and thrives !
The purer, with well balanced virtues blest—
The better for our palate, and our lives ;
And we should seek such springs from all the rest.

A palace stands, "Bethesda" like of old—
Its porches, and its many rooms, complete ;
Inviting from all lands with promise bold—
"Impotent folk," by sore diseases beat—

Come to this pool ! ye sick come to the pool !—
The sparkling waters, moving just below—
Not by an angel's hand, but live, and cool,
As the Great Father bade the stream to flow.

And lo ! they come, and drink, and thirst, and drink—
Saving the withered flesh by turns the while ;
Then, stand, and worship at the ledgy brink,
And cast a parting look with healthful smile.

INK DROPS

MOSSES.

LET them alone, yea, let them alone !
The touch of a hand their beauty may mar ;
They are the loveliest left where they are,
Over decay, or the hard-hearted stone :
Nature's own mantle betraying her pride
To hide her defects—and so soft to the eye.
Mosses grow everywhere—mosses won't die,
If they only can cover in love what has died.

HATRED.

HIS hell itself to harbor hateful hate,
For suffering has begun—no need you wait.
Art thou not loved look well within to see,
If some sad hindrance dwelleth not in thee.
An earnest hater oft his foe berates,
Till he is far below the one he hates.
If thou art given to hatred make amends,
Grown used to hating, who will be thy friends?
Hatred can never other hates remove—
They yield the soonest to the voice of love.

EGOTISM.

LEAVE out thyself if thou hast praise to give,
Else, thou wilt soon but shake a chaffy sieve.

Sometimes we talk of self just to explain ;
If so the words we speak may not be vain.

A seeming weakness has the letter I ;
It has no base, but keeps so slim, and high—

I sang, I prayed, I preached, I led the advance ;
No doubt—for modest others had no chance.

Some people, I have heard themselves condemn,
To waken praise in other folks for them.

If thou wouldst think of self, have sober thought !
And let thy weakness by Christ's strength be taught.

KISSES.

NONE kiss may set a store of cares adrift,
The strength of many giants might not lift.

Sweet words have tenderness to comfort fears—
But, nothing like a kiss can dry up tears.

Beware of kisses from a friend untrue,
Some other thought than friendship, is in view.

The kiss of parting, mingles with a tear—
The kiss of meeting, with a smile of cheer.

I do not see how angel-lips can stay,
From kissing children happy in their play.

I have not lost the faith, and hope, and trust,
That I shall kiss the lips, that now are dust.

OBSTINACY.

HE is not wrong—he swears he is not wrong ;
We would believe him, were he not so strong.

Firmness in right ways, is a goodly trait ;
But, stubbornness in wrong—one can but hate.

With stubborn ass and man, a common trick
Is, have your way or settle back and kick.

PREACHING.

IF thou wouldst preach to bless the waiting ones,
Let solemn words ring out in serious tones.

The gospel, with reality is packed—
Then, fancy let alone, and preach the fact.

I heard of one who preached so very well,
He, in the pulpit many did excel ;

But out of it, his practice was so ill,
Men thought the pulpit he should never fill.

When thou art preaching, let thine own heart's ear
Be listening, every saving truth to hear. 7

MERIT.

IF, in thy nature golden merit lies,
The gem will not be hid, from searching eyes.

Merit, will find at length her destination,
Although but slow, may be the elevation.

ADVERSITY.

GOD tunes us roughly sometimes, if he please !
His aim is, better music from the keys.

The face that meekness wears when trials come,
Says to the gazer, I am chastened dumb.

Lean on your friends beneath afflictions rod !
But, lean the heaviest, on the arm of God.

Thou hast not learned life's lesson to completeness,
Till thou hast had its sorrows with the sweetness !

Just where the cross that kills thee, tumbles down—
Some angel stands to cheer thee with a crown !

Crushed flowers their sweetness send, crushed grapes their
wine,

It may be better crushed—this heart of mine.

QUARRELS.

KEEP out of quarrels—or determine too,
Then, if thou fallest in, 'twill not be you ;


But, being in, let all thy manhood rise,
To take thee nobly through, in other's eyes.

How many see a spark, and have desire,
To blow the little thing, and raise a fire.

One may be faultless in a fuss, at first—
After a little, men ask which is worst ?

'Tis best if squalls arise, to furl the sail,
And trust in God, to hurry by the gale.

A DRAMA.

 HIS is not life—this is not death—
We stay here, on a puff of breath !

We play we live—and play we are dead—
To-day around—to-night abed !


Awake ! poor life, we represent—
Asleep ! act death beneath our tent.

That will be life, worthy the name—
When flows through us, the immortal flame;

Nor, thought so far before, can fly
To guess the time, when we may die.

Death had a world with life to play !
Now, Death is dead, we always stay.

YESTERDAY.

 HE nearest day to us of all the past—
Like the dear back of a retreating friend—
How wistfully we linger, as we cast

A parting glance—a whisp'ring farewell send.

It may have been a day, with no event,
To leave its mark full fixed, upon the mind ;
When, smoothly flowing, all the hours went—
And a review can nought of moment find.

It may have been the birthday of a child ;
 When love was kindled in the eye, and heart—
A day to be remembered, calm, and mild—
 For the dear babe on pilgrimage to start.


It may have been the day for marriage bells,
 And greetings glad, with pure, and happy smile ;
But, songs on earth, are blent with funeral knells—
 Ah ! what may happen in a little while !

It may have been a day when some one slept,
 And wouldn't wake to us, for call, or kiss ;
When we leaned o'er the marbled brow, and wept,
 And musing said—and has it come to this !

Yes ! yesterday—a rounded pile of earth
 Was waiting, but to be the heavy door
O'er one who died, a few short years from birth—
 Whom tender hands must to the darkness lower.

Thus, we have yesterdays, that spoil our peace,
 And fling the veil of grief across the brow ;
But, in the life to come, such days will cease,
 And we shall summer in a blessed now.

SHADE AND SUNSHINE.

 LAY on my face, now light, now shade,
Inconstant as the restless sea ;
Grown used to both, I have been made
To look for both, to come to me.

Sweet light, we cry ! when shade is chill—
Sun-light, and warmth, go hand in hand ;
Sweet shade, we crave—when hot, and still,
The breath of summer burns the land.

So, would I pass from change, to change—
'Tis our experience, thus to be
Avoiding sameness, for the strange—
And half at home, in misery.

Thus, we get used to every ill—
And, darkest shadows on our way
We linger in, with hope, until
The blackness, softens into day.

We are prepared, since fastened here—
To meet the worst, that time can give,
Then, fall in slumber, cold, and drear—
Our bounds are set, we cannot live.

But, this high privilege is ours,
 To peer beyond time's outer verge,
 Where falls, so near the unfading bowers—
 Earth's very last, inconstant surge.

We leap to land, from off its crest !
 And, leave life's shadows all behind,
 To find the home of endless rest,
 Where tears no more, our vision blind.

“THE END CROWNS THE WORK.”

NOT, till earth's days are all over,
 And the sum of the years is known—
 Not, till the Judge of the ages,
 Looks across the world from his throne ;
 Will life's littles be brought together,
 And the fruits of my days be shown.

I have toiled here and there, ready handed—
 I have pushed weary feet o'er earth's way—
 I have mused in still hours of darkness,
 As I rode from home-faces astray—
 I have talked of a world that is coming,
 Far more, than the world of to-day.

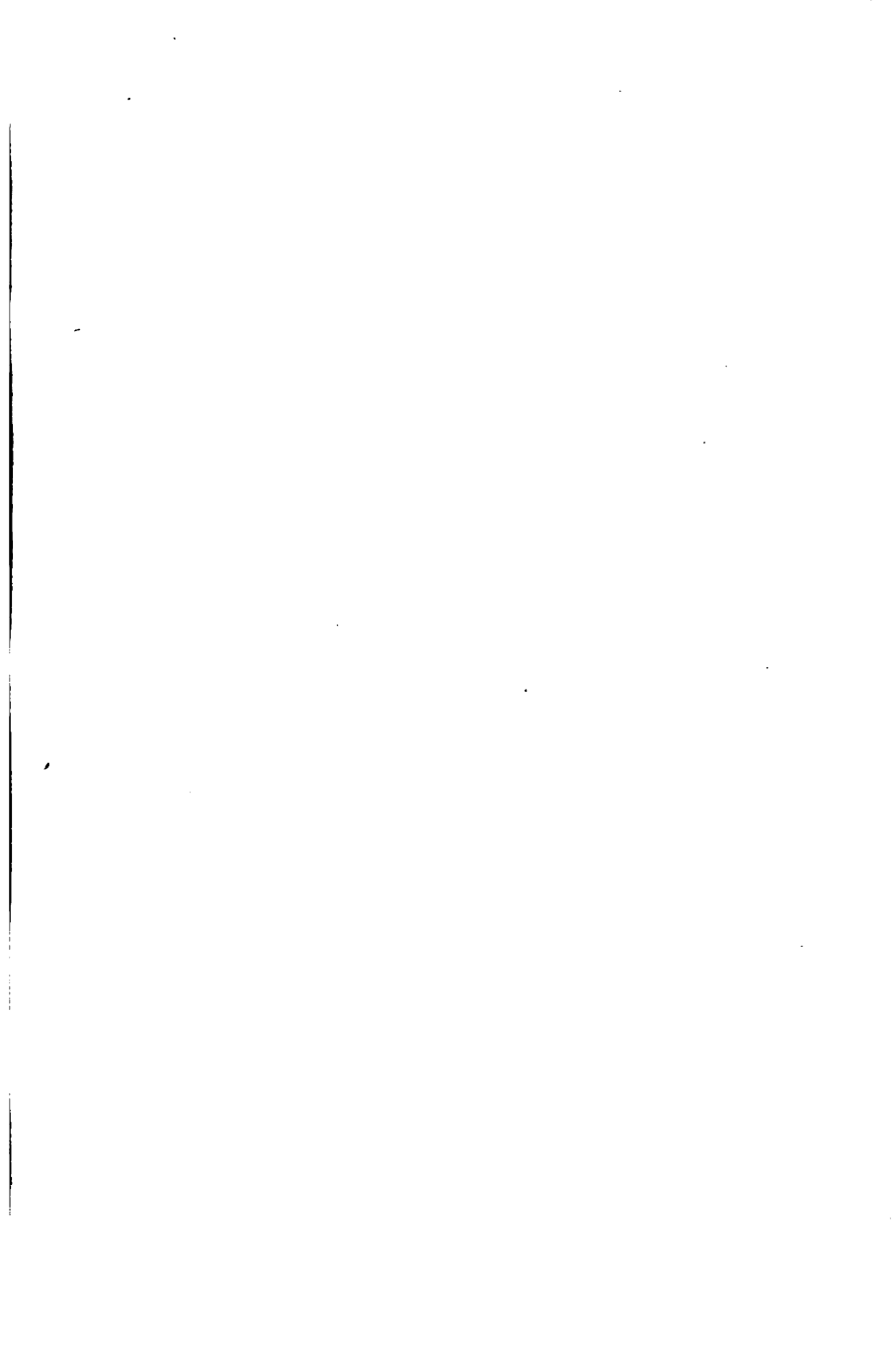
But, ah ! every effort seems little,
 As my eyes fall along o'er the past,
 Yet, my Maker knows me, and my doing,
 And what plans I have builded to last ;
 And the faith I have had in thus building—
 As my sight far before hath been cast.

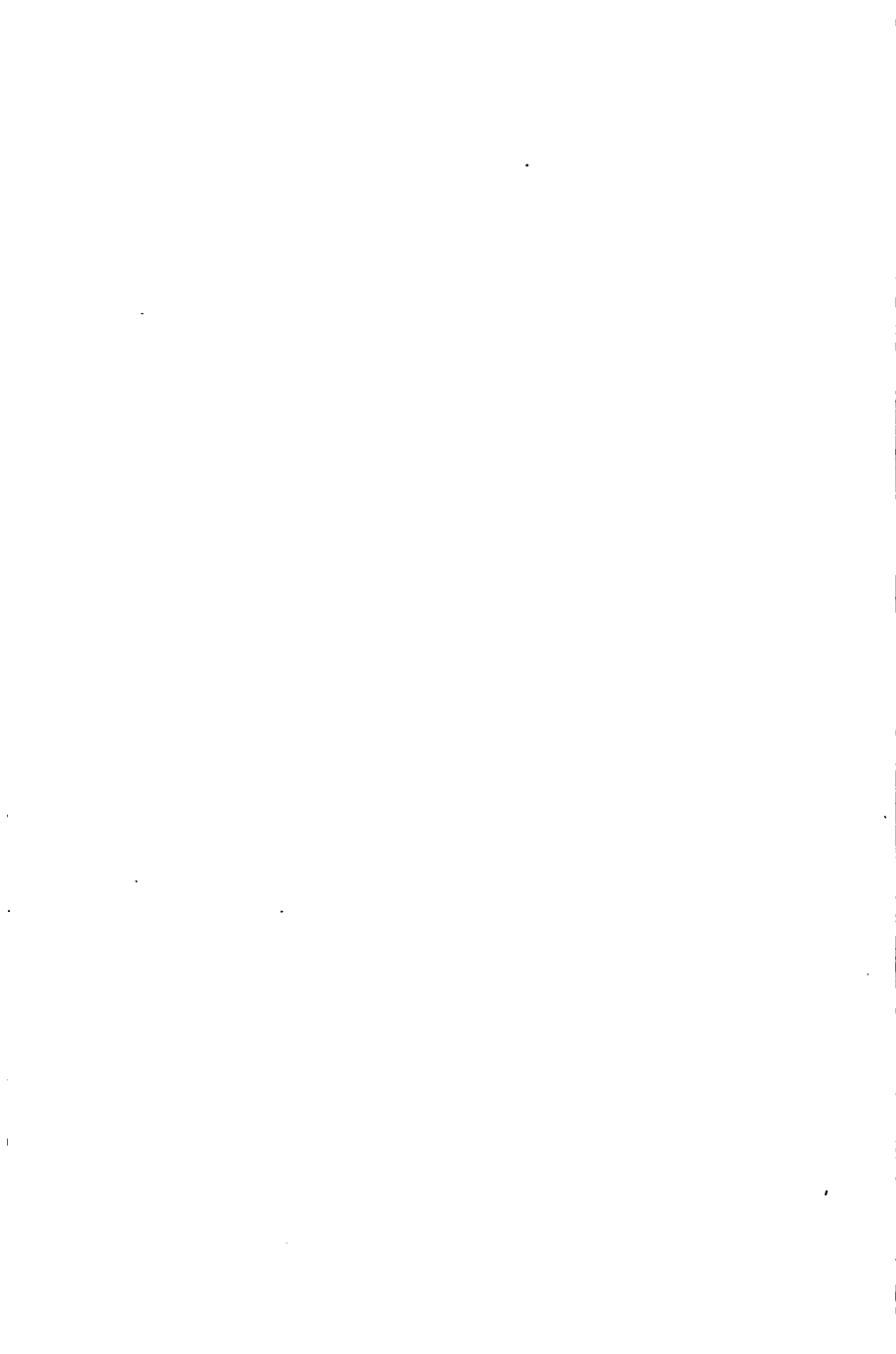
I have had ample time to make ready—
I have had God's good Spirit, and Word—
And, work at my hands for performance,
As sore needs all my sorrow hath stirred ;
But, with failure more oft than successes,
And regret my wet eyesight is blurred.

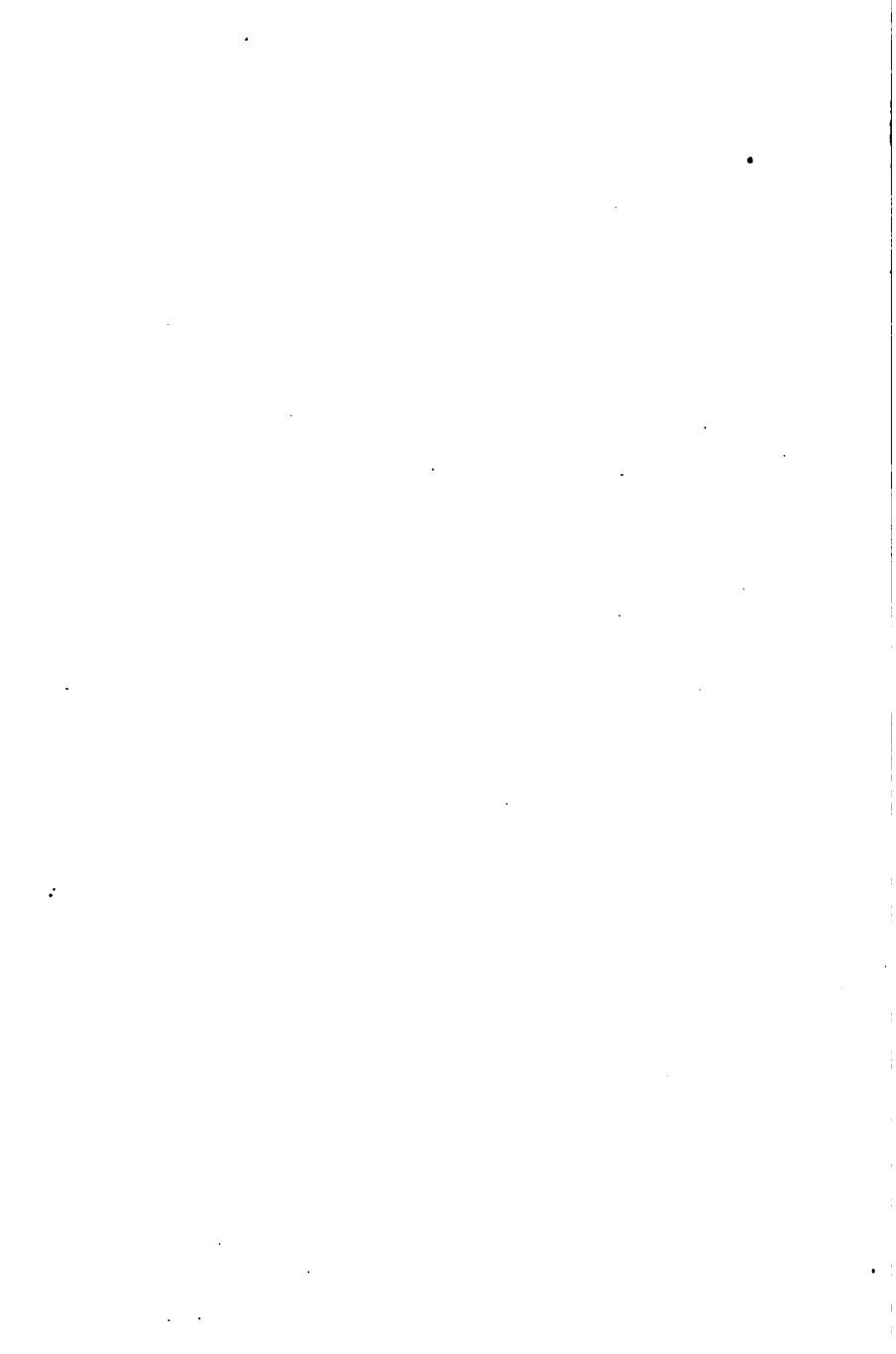
Yet, God knows the aim of my being—
And, God knows the love of my soul—
And, where I have fastened my anchor
What time the black billows do roll ;
And that day, when I stand in his presence.
"The end crowns the work" as a whole.

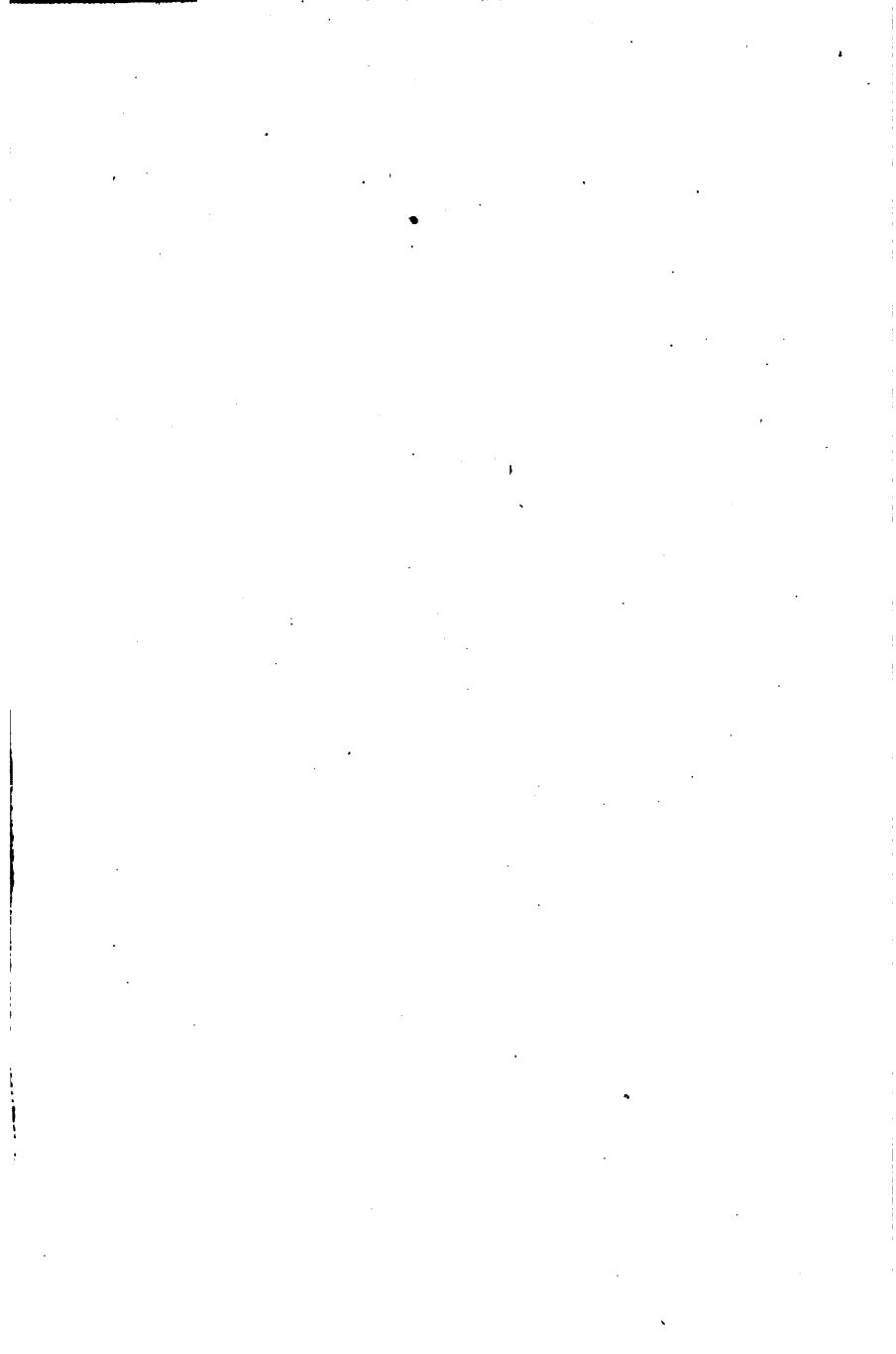
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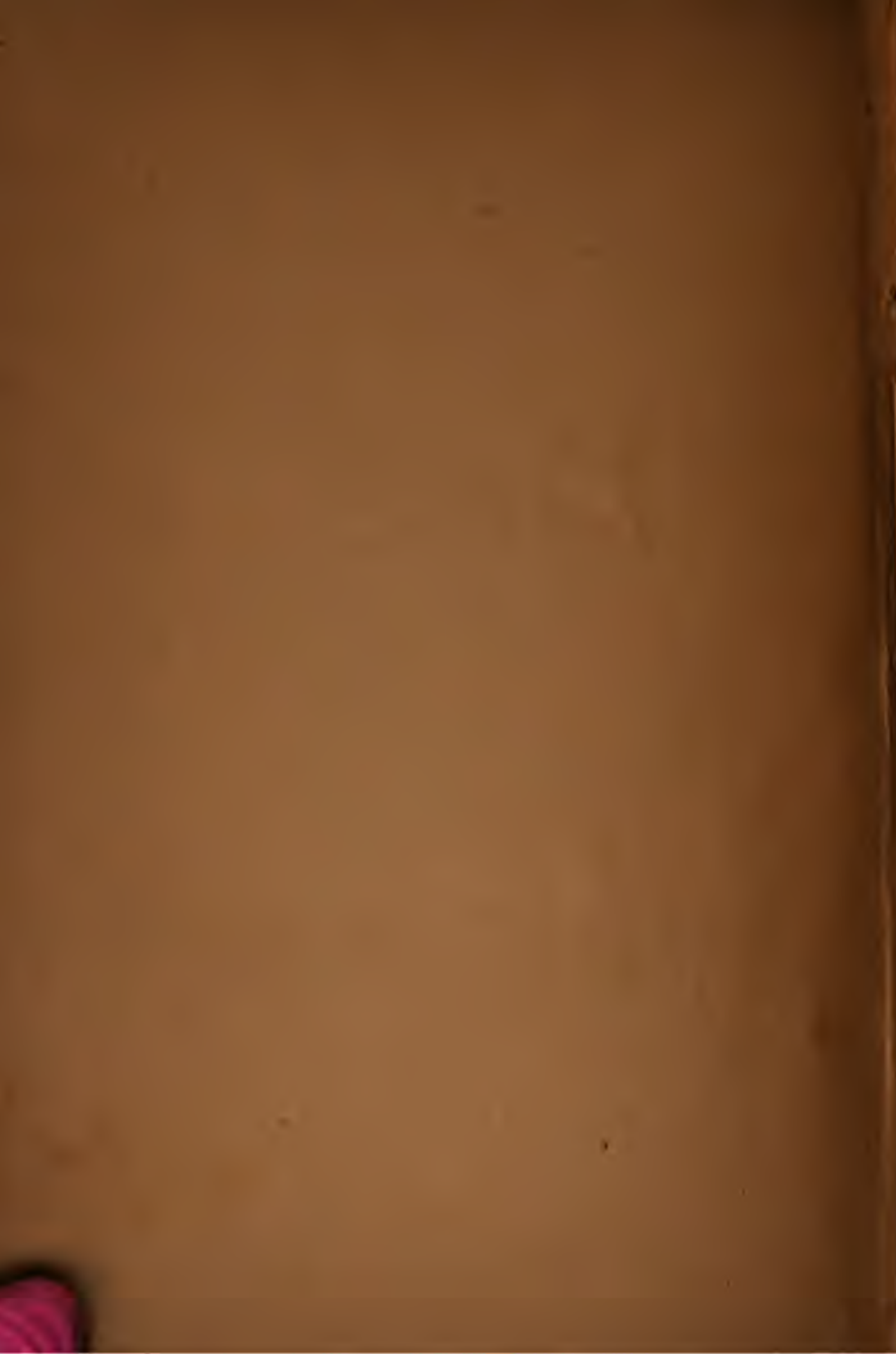












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